THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For APRIL, 1807.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets*, certainly, in our next.

W. M. T. will see that we have made the alterations he requested. We shall be obliged to this ingenious writer for further communications.

Matilda D. T. must have overlooked her enigma; it was inserted in the Supplement.

Eugenio is not forgotten.

The communications of F. G. shall be inserted occasionally.

THE

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MADAME CATALANI.

(With her Portrait, elegantly engraved.)

A CONCISE biographical sketch of this wonderful and inimitable musical actress has already been given in the Supplement to our last volume, p. 682, and to that we refer our readers.

This extraordinary performer was born in the Papal territory. At the age of fifteen, she made her *début* in the first parts of the serious opera; and notwithstanding her youth, and her little familiarity with the stage, she maintained her reputation by the singular merit of her voice, though she had to undergo a comparison with singers of the most consummate talents. Her fame soon spread all over Europe, and she was not suffered to remain long in Italy. She was induced to visit Portugal, and remained for a considerable time at Lisbon. In that city the wonderful talents which nature had bestowed on her were cultivated, and carried to the highest perfection. In fact, she unites in herself all the great qualities which excite our admiration when separately distributed to other artists. Her voice is equally astonishing both in the low and the high tones, and is no less remarkable for sweetness and flexibility than for strength and compass.

From Lisbon she went to Madrid, carrying with her the regret of the Portuguese. At the Spanish court she received the most flattering distinctions. She was honoured with innumerable marks of the most gracious condescension from the queen, to whom she was particularly recommended by the princess of Brazil. From Spain she went to Paris, where the same admiration and applause attended her.

Madame Catalani is about twenty-five years of age. She possesses a very agreeable person: her figure, indeed, might serve as a passport to a much inferior voice, and of course it will not diminish the effect of one that is excellent. She is of the middle stature; her figure is very interesting, active, easy, and graceful. Her face is oval, and full of female delicacy and expression. In a concert, Madame Catalani is the only singer; no other voice either of

man or woman can be heard beside hers. She is even a very formidable rival to the most able performers, either on wind or stringed instruments. Their most brilliant passages cannot be compared with what Madame Catalani easily executes with her natural voice.

Madame Catalani made her first appearance at the opera in London, at the commencement of the season, on Saturday, December the thirteenth. The attraction of the fame that had preceded her was so great as to crowd the house in a manner never before witnessed on a similar occasion. She chose for her *début* the part of Semiramis, in the opera of that name. The music of this opera was originally composed by Bianchi; but the present composition is by Portogallo, with a view to bring the vast powers of this wonderful singer into the most effectual action. On her entrance Arema exclaims, *Fear not*—to which she replies: *Timor non è*. It is not fear; that is, it is something more than fear. The effect which these speeches, so applicable to her situation, had on the feelings of the house can scarcely be imagined. During the first act, she was not perfectly herself, though encouraged by a deserved encore in her duet with Righi, and loudly applauded in the *Cavatina* and *Bravura*, which she gave in a wonderful style of excellence. Her confidence increased as she proceeded, and with it the expression of her powers, which have never been equalled in this country. Her acting is only inferior to her singing. The compass of her voice is extraordinary, going at once as low as Grassini's, and as high as Billington's. Her tones are delightfully soft and musical, and her chromatic execution, or running half notes up and down, is truly surprising.

She has since appeared several times in the part of *Argenis*, in a serious opera, in two acts, called *Il Ritorno di Serse*, the return of Xerxes, the music of which is likewise by Portogallo. The plot of an Italian opera is generally contained in a small space. Xerxes, king of Persia, is betrothed to Argenis the princess of the Parthians, who is in love with his son Sebastes. The father being supposed dead, the prince mounts the throne, and the lovers are on the eve of being united, when Xerxes returns. Sebastes is condemned to die, and Argenis runs mad. In this scene Madame Catalani's acting is very great. Xerxes at length relents, and the lovers are made happy.

The music of *Il Ritorno di Serse* is of a different style and character from that of *Semiramide*. Portogallo seems to have wished to astonish in *Semiramide* rather than to touch the heart, to try the effect of a voice of unparalleled strength and compass, by making it execute airs which, from their extreme difficulty, would seem to belong to instrumental rather than to vocal music, and almost to defy the singer, if we may be allowed the expression, for whom they were composed. In *Serse*, however, the subject furnished him with an opportunity of producing an effect less astonishing, and of touching the heart, as well as charming the ear. He has done less for the singer, and left more room for a display of the talents of the actress.—Madame Catalani accomplishes the wishes and intentions of the composer in both operas:—as a singer she shews, in *Semiramide*, what can be effected by the voice—strength, flexi-

bility, variety, and expression.—In *Serse* she displays, as an actress, an energy, a variety, a vivacity, a sensibility, and a grace, which are seldom united in the same person, particularly upon the Italian stage.—In the beautiful *cavatina*, which is always encored, *Oh quanto l'anima*, we are charmed with the sweetness of the melody, with the simplicity of the style, with the justness of the expression, and with a certain natural grace which the actress spreads over the part. But when Xerxes reclaims his throne, and the hand of *Argenis*, who deceives him by protestations of fidelity, whilst at the same time she assures *Sebastes* of her love and constancy, Madame Catalani acquires fresh claims to our admiration, by the dexterity of her dissimulation, and by the animation of her acting. The first scene of the second act has a pretty duet between *Argenis* and *Xerxes*, the end of which is beautiful, *Di tanti mali mei*. But the ninth scene is that in which she appears to the greatest advantage as an actress.—In her voice, in her step, in her attitude, in her gesture, the transitions from rage to grief, and from despair to astonishment and joy, are so well distinguished and characterised, that the spectator is hurried away by these different emotions.—He fears that effects so fatiguing will exhaust the strength of a young and delicate female, who seems by the mildness and gentleness of her look to be destined by nature to express only the softest sensations; and he is glad when the torments of *Argenis* finish, and she is united to *Sebastes*.

We shall soon have an opportunity of seeing her in another opera of Portogallo's, in *Mithridate*, which she has chosen for her benefit, and which will display the powers of her voice even to more advantage than the opera of *Semiramide*.

ACCOUNT of a VIRGINIAN DANCING-SCHOOL, and MANNERS of the AMERICANS.

(*From Janson's 'Stranger in America.'**)

ON our arrival at Orange, we found an old wooden building, which is used both as a court-house and a place of divine worship, a tavern, and half a dozen mean dwelling-houses. We could procure no accommodation. A dancing-master occupied the tavern by his quarterly attendance to teach the Virginian mountain-misses the graces of his art. His school was numerously attended, and every corner of the house was filled by the parents of the pupils. We were now in an awkward dilemma, for the waggons were only hired to this place, and no entreaties or extravagant offers could prevail upon the drivers to proceed; they were, as they alleged, under the obligation of a penalty to go elsewhere. They were proceeding to discharge our baggage in the street, when I enquired what punishment I should incur, or what sacrilege would be committed, were it to be put into the court-house. I was referred to the clerk of the peace, but he was not to be found, and dire necessity impelled me to commit a trespass. The door was

* This work may be particularly useful to those persons who are tempted to forsake their native country to settle in America. 'The author, as it is observed in the preface, has been at some pains to unfold the prospects that await the European emigrant in America. On this subject he is qualified to speak, not only from his own experience, but from that of many other persons, whose delusive hopes have terminated in disappointments. He has endeavoured to expose the knavery of American land jobbers, and to shew the fallacy of all that native writers have advanced relative to the facility and small expence of forming an establishment in the western regions of the republic.'

not locked, and in a short time we were in possession; which proved a seasonable relief to the poor children, whose tender joints had barely escaped dislocation by the jolting over rocks aud stump of trees which had impeded our progress. Fortunately we arrived in the forenoon, but we were covered all over with dust. Having changed my clothes, and refreshed myself with the remnant of our travelling stock of provisions, I went to the dancing-school. The gravity of my friend, contracted from the study of theology, for he had been educated for the church, would alone have caused his declining to accompany me to such a place. I was agreeably surprised at the order and the systematic mode with which this part of polite education was conducted, amid the woods, and on the rising ground of the vast mountains called the Blue Ridge.* There were upwards of fifty scholars, though, from the *view* of the country, I could not have supposed the existence of fifty houses within the circumference of as many miles. Some of the pupils I was informed came from a great distance, and the carriages used for their conveyance formed the strangest and most uncouth collection of travelling vehicles perhaps ever collected together. A number bore such strong marks of antiquity, and so coarsely were they put together, that I could compare them only to my ideas of antediluvian machines. They, however, conveyed a number of pretty little modern-dressed misses, dressed and ornamented to a ridiculous pitch of extravagance. They had made great progress, performing the minuet, country-dance, and reel, correctly; though this weekly school had been opened only four or five times. After the lessons were finished, a number of grown masters and misses joined in six-handed reels, the favourite dance in the southern states, and, as though I had not already undergone of late sufficient fatigue, I could not resist the desire of joining them, upon an invitation, given with Parisian politeness, by the master. Thus, in the heat of summer, and not a month out of the yellow fever, was I capering among the girls; an act of imprudence, which, happily for me, was not attended with any ill consequences.

On my return to the court-house, I found that Mr. Gilpin had been making provision for retaining the slender title we had acquired to it. He had made up one bed in the jury-box, and another on the table, round which the counsel sit, and had composedly seated himself, reading a Greek author, in the chair of justice. On my entrance, he was compelled to relax a little of his serious mood, and to brighten his features with a smile—the first I had observed. The loss of his wife, and disappointments resulting from the failure of his plans, had plunged him in a state of mind little better than that of settled melancholy. A partition which ran across the court-house formed a jury-room. American jurymen seldom fail to retire from the court, be the case ever so plain, to agree upon their verdict. This room had been reserved for my occupation, and accordingly I spread my mattress on the floor, upon which, being greatly fatigued, I soon fell asleep. In the morning I endeavoured to procure waggons to convey us to Madison court-house, distant between sixteen and eighteen miles, without success. I wondered what caused my friends in Frede-

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* These mountains begin almost at the extremity of the northern boundary, and extend, with little variation, to Georgia, nearly through the middle of the United States.

ricksburg to advise us to proceed to this dreary place; but I afterwards found little choice in any part of the country, as to accommodation. We were favoured if any of the neighbours would *sell* us a fowl, or a dozen eggs. I had attended to the whistling of the quails all around me the day after our arrival, and being always provided with an excellent English fowling-piece, I went out in the afternoon, attended by two youths, who appeared anxious to see an Englishman pursuing game. I had no dog, and the luxuriant but coarse herbage of the cleared land was unfavourable to my pursuit. The young Virginians, conversant with the haunts, soon sprung the game, and were surprised at my success, two or three birds falling at each shot. The coveys had not been broken, and they took flight together at the same instant. Americans do not accustom themselves to shoot game upon the wing; but they are the best marksmen in the world with a rifle gun at a fixed object. The produce of my gun was very acceptable in the court-house; the girls soon prepared the game for cooking, and having with us every necessary material, without which no traveller must attempt to penetrate into the interior of this immense country, we made a delicious repast.

Here we were obliged to remain nine days, and, fortunately, during that time, our habitation was not wanted for the dispensation of law; but the gospel was twice expounded in it during our occupancy. At length we procured one waggon, which was appropriated to Mr. Gilpin, and a part of his family, while I remained with his nephew, waiting the uncertainty of another conveyance. This presented at the expiration of the second day, and on the third, I arrived at Madison court-house. My friend had already hired an unfurnished house, and to my surprise, for the long term of six months, though the contemplated extent of the tour was not to exceed six or eight weeks. I soon found that he had determined to remain during the winter among the rocks and woods; a situation, at all events, well suited to the contemplative mind.

In this small place we found some society. There was a doctor and a lawyer; but neither parson nor parsonage-house. A jolly justice of the peace, however, supplied the place extremely well; being a moral upright man, whose advice often reclaimed the offender, when the inforcement of the law might have rendered him incorrigible. In such company occasionally, and with my gun, being in a fine sporting country, I had passed three weeks with much advantage to my health.

Anecdotes of Boileau, the French Poet.

BOILEAU, being asked by a friend, not long before his death, whether he had changed his opinion of Tasso*— 'So very far from it,' replied the satirist, 'that I am sorry I did not express myself more fully on this subject in my translation of Longinus. I would have begun with allowing that the Italian poet had a sublime genius, and very eminent talents for poetry; but, speaking of the use which he has made of them, I should have said, and proved, that good sense is not the predominant

* Le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile, Sat. IX. (There are those who prefer the tinsel of Tasso to all the gold of Virgil).

quality of his poem, and that, in his narrations, he prefers what is pleasing to what is necessary to be told; that his descriptions are disfigured by superfluous ornaments; that in the delineation of the strongest passions, and amidst the saddest events which they occasion, Tasso destroys the pathos by untimely attempts at being brilliant; that his thoughts are frivolous, and more adapted to his Aminta than to his Jerusalem Delivered. Now,' exclaimed Boileau, 'all these faults being granted, and the wisdom, majesty, and gravity of Virgil introduced in opposition to them, the contrast is as great between the Latin and Italian poet, as between gold and tinsel.'

A man of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with literature, said once before Boileau, that he would rather be able to make a wig than to make a poem; adding, 'What is the use of poetry, and what end does it answer?' 'This very circumstance,' replied Boileau, 'raises my admiration of poetry; that having nothing useful in it, it should nevertheless be the delight of all men of talents and reputation.'

Boileau used to relate, that when he read to Moliere his satire which began with these lines,

'Mais il n'est point de fou qui par bonnes raisons
Ne loge son voisin aux petites maisons;'

'There raves no madman, but, with grave rebukes,
Would send his brother maniac to St. Luke's;'

Moliere observed, that he had once an intention of attempting this subject, but that he was deterred from it by the consideration of the great delicacy necessary in such an undertaking. 'A comic poet,' added he, 'should confine himself to those observations of the mind which society considers as venial, and for which they do not shut up the delinquents, but treat them as fools and simpletons.'

Boileau was not superior to uneasinesses occasioned by the abuse published against him, but was the first person to applaud any ingenious satire levelled at him.—'I look on myself,' said he, 'like an enchanted hero, whom the blows of his enemies either do not reach or wound very slightly.' 'With all their malice,' he would add, 'they have not found out the vulnerable part of Achilles.' —'Where does it lie?' said a friend. —'That I shall not tell you,' replied the satirist, 'you must find out that.' —It is probable that he alluded to the sameness of his writings, particularly in his prefaces, the character of which is too monotonous.

Boileau never dined with any of his most intimate friends, without being invited in particular; observing, on this caution, that a certain pride of mind was the characteristic of men of honour, but that a pride of air and manner was the mark of fools and blockheads.

When Boileau launched any work into the world, he heard the attacks of the critics however severe with great attention and patience; observing, shrewdly, 'Well, those are the worst works, of which nobody speaks at all.'

Racine used to relate a very singular instance of the powers of Boileau for mimicry. 'He once,' says Racine, 'undertook to imitate the steps of an extraordinary dancer, whom he had seen in the exhibition of his skill. Boileau executed all the difficult steps and attitudes of the performer with great success, though he had never been taught to dance, and never practised the art at any time before.'

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 131.)

LETTER XI.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.

I ALWAYS thought, dear Susan, there was a magical power in your mother's eye, but I now find her pen is possessed of the same quality: her letter has fixed the wavering Maria, and she has consented in due form to make, as they say, the colonel happy. But she will not be hurried; it must not take place this twelve months. I should be in the best spirits in the world on this occasion, were it not that I perceive a melancholy on her countenance, which indicates that her heart is not so much in the purposed union as might be wished. Dear girl! I would not for the world have her unhappy; but I think she cannot be so with the colonel. I must say a word or two of Charles Wentworth: indeed, I don't know what to make of him. Let me see: a lover ought to look pale, to be absent in company, now and then to sigh profoundly; he ought never to look in his mistress's face but when he cannot possibly help it, to tremble like an aspen leaf when he drinks her health at table, and if by accident he touches her soft hand, Heavens! what an agitation! I have tried Charles by all these rules. He looks rather pale, to be sure; but this may as well be from his close application to business as from love. He is silent too and absent, but these are all the symptoms I can discover. He leaves us in a week. He is, indeed, a fortunate young man. This dear colonel of ours has made his fortune, I believe.

But I must now inform you how the love business was broke to brother. It was a great undertaking for Maria; but I helped her out, as you shall hear.

We chose an opportunity after supper, as he is then in the best temper, though what we had to inform him was not likely to put him out of humour.—'Come, fetch the cribbage-board, Harriet,' said he; 'we must have a game to-night.' 'No, brother,' I replied, 'if you please we will talk, for we have something of consequence to inform you of.' 'What, you want money, I suppose.' 'Not at present, brother; but it may, indeed, lead to the want of it some time hence.'

'Then let me hear nothing about it: bad news comes soon enough.'

'You will not think it bad, I believe,' said Maria, blushing up to her ears.

Now as brother seldom looks in our faces, Maria might have blushed for an hour unobserved.

'I think any thing bad that takes money out of my pocket.'

'Now, brother,' said I, 'suppose I should tell you one of us had a lover.'

'That would surprise me: but it would not take money out of my pocket; it would save it.'

'But you would give us our wedding clothes?'

'Not I, truly; if you are not worth clothing, you are not worth having.'

'I have,' said Maria, who was desirous to put an end to the subject, 'had an offer of marriage from—from ——.'

'An offer of marriage,' interrupted I, 'from colonel Ambrose. Shall she accept it?'

'The devil you have! Accept it! Why she is not such a fool to hesitate, surely!'

'But suppose she can't like him, brother.'

'Suppose, a fiddlestick—like him, indeed! Stuff! nonsense! If she refuse him, I have only this to say—you depart my house. I hope you don't suppose me such an ass as to forgive a refusal.'

'This boorish speech was too much. I should have been in a passion; but she burst into tears.'

'I then see what I have to expect. Oh! brother, you would discard me if I was to refuse the first offer of marriage I ever received: how fortunate then for me is it that it is such an offer.'

He was somewhat softened.—'Why, look ye,' said he, 'I don't want to part with either of you, while you behave well; but you must not stand in your own light, as I see half the world do. If the colonel has taken a fancy to you, I would have the matter finished as soon as possible.'

'Oh!' said Maria, frightened out of her wits, 'if you have any regard for me, don't let me be hurried: it must be many months before I can marry. Consider how short an acquaintance.'

'I consider there is many a slip between the cup and the lip; and if you consider my advice, or your own interest, you will not stand shilly-dally. Girls without money are not every one's market.'

After a good deal more conversation tedious to relate, we at length gained a promise that he would not be in a hurry, but permit her to manage it as she thought fit.

He appeared much pleased, and the next morning it was no secret in the family. I persuade myself his pleasure proceeds from his love to Maria. I am not willing to ascribe good actions to bad motives.

The colonel is a constant visitor; I suppose he woos in Othello's style. Don't you pity me, Susan? a poor forlorn damsel! Now if I had but a lover too, how charming would it be! Well, all in good time. I have nothing left for it now, but to sit up stairs scribbling to you, or talking to Dorcas. I will relate a conversation I had with the good creature this morning.

'Well, Dorcas,' said I, 'what do you think of this alteration that is going to take place in our affairs?'

'Think, miss, why I knows not what to think: I am all over as if I were in a dream. Why, to be sure, I am all over joy. This colonel is the most charmingest gentleman that ever my eyes beheld.'

'Well now, but, Dorcas, don't you think he is too old?'

'Oh! no, not a bit; he is worth a hundred of your young flish-flash chaps. I always prophesied miss Maria would be a lady, she always carried herself so lady-like; and not proud neither: indeed, a true lady is never proud, and above speaking to poor people; and the colonel, I am sure, is a true gentleman, and talked with me yesterday near half an hour.'

'Your observations are very just, Dorcas; true gentility gives itself no airs of importance to inferiors. But as you have prophesied so truly with regard to Maria, I should like to know if you have any about me.'

'Why, lack-a-day, miss, I am always dreaming about you, and you

are always dressed in white; but if I may speak my mind, I don't think you will be so rich as your sister.'

'A fig for riches! do you think I shall ever marry, and be happy in a good husband?'

'I thinks you will, indeed, miss Harriet.'

'Well, that's charming, good Dorcas: may you live to see it!'

'I hope,' says the worthy soul, with tears in her eyes, 'that when my young ladies are married, I shall live with one of you; for I shall never be happy to stay here after you are gone.'

I assured her she might make herself easy, for we both loved her too well to suffer her to be uncomfortable.—How seldom do we find in low life such a character as Dorcas, and how much is it to be respected when found: and yet I often think merit is pretty equal in all stations; for how seldom do we find among our equals or superiors characters we can in many points approve: and when we consider the advantages of education in one and the other, I do not know how we can decide the preference.

I am summoned to tea by Maria. 'Why do you hide yourself?' said she. 'You may guess,' said I; however, I will now attend you, when I have subscribed myself dear Susan's affectionate

H. Vernon.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

Gravesend.

Dear Johnson,

I am at present waiting for a fair wind to waft me from Old England. With every prospect of success that attends the change in my affairs, I labour under a dejection of spirits I can indeed account for, but I fear shall never overcome. The amiable miss Vernon is for ever lost to my hopes. She is disposed of to another. How can I write the dreadful word! she is to be the wife of colonel Ambrose. Pursuant to the advice you gave me, I resolved to lay before her the state of my heart, and a gleam of hope shot across me that I might not be unsuccessful in my wishes of gaining her affections; the colonel's frequent visits, and the ladies' engagements in consequence of them, afforded me no opportunity. I did not at first suspect the colonel's intention, but, alas! I was soon convinced there was something more than friendship in his attentions. Mr. Vernon informed me that the colonel had offered himself to his sister, and was accepted. By a person of the least penetration, my agitation must have been discovered. I thought I should have sunk; but my confusion was unnoticed by him, and I returned to reason. And why, said I to myself, does this intelligence grieve me? Do I not love miss Vernon, and is it not the first wish of my heart to see her happy? Her fortune is made by marrying colonel Ambrose, and such a man must make her happy. But, alas! what are the reasonings of a lover? A lover is selfish and inconsiderate. But there is no alternative now but to forget her: absence must, it will, abate my love—for to love her now is a crime.

With these reasonings I pacified my mind, and as I had but one week to stay in the house, I hoped to have sufficient command of myself to avoid saying a word that might lead to a discovery of what I was now anxious to conceal. The day came when I was to bid adieu: what a trial was this! As I was to set off early in the morning, it was necessary I should do it the preceding evening. Mr. Vernon took his leave

about ten, and went to bed: he shook me by the hand, and wished to see me return a rich man.—'Mind the main chance,' said he.

'My dear young ladies,' said I, as soon as he was gone, 'I know not how to bid you adieu!'

'Oh! no adieus,' said miss Harriet, in her lively manner, 'there is nothing I detest so much: come, give me your hand, and then I will run away.'

I saluted her; she burst into tears, and was out of sight in an instant.

And now in what a situation was I! Left alone with Maria, agitated beyond description, I seized her hand with eagerness.—'O! happy colonel Ambrose,' said I, 'that is so soon to be intitled to this!' She looked confused, but made no answer.—I recollected myself.—'May you, my dearest madam, meet with the happiness you deserve!'—'I thank you, sir,' said she; 'and, in return, I wish you every success. You will let us hear, I hope, of your welfare.'

'Will then miss Vernon remember me?'

'Most certainly,' said she; 'I hope you do not doubt it.'

I was silent; I knew not what to say. She arose.

'You leave me, then.'

'To what purpose should I stay?'

I clasped her to my bosom with an ardour I could not resist.—'I go,' said I, 'and leave behind all that my soul holds dear.—She looked more confused, and, I believe, was unable to speak. Had she stayed a minute longer, I had lost all command of myself. But she was at the parlour door, when, turning round, she kissed her hand with inimitable grace, and retired.

I will say no more on this subject, but, from this moment, endeavour to banish it from my memory. Let me have a line from you before I leave this place, which probably will be some days, and believe me to be yours sincerely,

C. Wentworth.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Johnson, in answer.

Pr'ythee, Charles, let me receive no more such letters as thy last. Why, I thought thou hadst been a man of sense. With such prospects before thee to be unhappy, because thou hast not gained the affections of a girl! I am really ashamed for thee. She does not love thee, that is certain, or she would not have been in such haste to have accepted the colonel. For thou mayst say as thou wilt, but thy face is too fair an index of thy mind for her not to see what was passing there, if she had a grain of penetration. I could not refrain from laughing at the parting scene, though I am horridly mad with thee for saying so much. Never, Charles, let a woman know her consequence. Now by thy account of these sisters, I like Harriet best, ten to one. Why didst thou not transfer thy affections? So thou didst venture to salute them both: I wonder at thy courage. I was in a dreadful panic for thee just then, and heartily rejoiced to find the gipsey at the door, kissing her hand with inimitable grace. But I will have compassion on thee, and say no more just now: when I write in the same style, take thy revenge. At present, I say with Castalio—

'Were she as fair
As wou'd the vainest of her sex be thought,
Or had she wealth
Beyond the power of woman's wish to waste,
She should not rob me of my freedom.'

But enough of banter:—I am out of spirits at present, as well as

yourself, though from a different cause. My uncle is ill, and the faculty say he is not long for this world. I have the tenderest affection for the good man, and shall consider the independent fortune he will leave me by no means an equivalent for his loss. I have informed him I was writing to you; and he desires to give you a piece of advice from himself.—'I am not,' said he, 'fond of young men's going to India; I have observed but few return with the same amiable dispositions they possessed on leaving their native country. Whether it be the company they fall in with, the nature of their employment, or the customs of the country that corrupt them, I cannot determine: but I hope your friend will guard against the corruption, be it what it may, and prove an exception to my observation.' Permit me, Charles, to enforce this advice of my uncle; for I have made the same observation in many instances. I suppose you will write to colonel Ambrose, and I trust I need not add to your friend Johnson, very often: I will be punctual in my answers. Heaven prosper you! and I hope you will drink deep of the waters of Lethe, but not so deep as to forget your faithful friend,

JOHN JOHNSON.

LETTER XIV.

Colonel Ambrose to Mrs. Lucy Ambrose.

MY dear sister begins to wonder at not seeing me ere this; but I deferred my visit, or letter, until I was come to some determination as to my future plans. I informed you in my last that it was my intention to marry, if I could meet with a woman every way suited to my taste. If I had not been rather difficult in my choice, I had not been a bachelor at the age of forty-five. I likewise spoke of the eldest miss Vernon as a young woman, who, from the little I had seen of her, seemed to comprise all my ideas of female excellence. I stayed but ten days with Mr. Vernon; for his manners were so disgusting, that it was really a pain to be in his company. For, absorbed as he is in calculations and œconomical pursuits, my presence was a visible constraint upon him. I, however, paid constant visits to his lovely sisters, who every day won upon my esteem, as every day convinced me more and more of their worth.

You are now prepared for what is to follow. I offered my hand and heart to miss Vernon, am accepted, and obtained a promise that she would be mine at the end of twelve months. I urged, as you may suppose, an earlier day, as, at my time of life, there is no time to lose; but in vain, the urging it gave her uneasiness. Nor can I blame her. No prudent woman would marry on so short an acquaintance.

Although this lovely woman has accepted my offer, yet I discover a dejection in her that alarms me, and makes me fear I do not possess her heart with that entire affection I hope for in a wife. And how can I expect, I sometimes say to myself, to possess the affections of so young a woman? Can she marry for any consideration but interest a man old enough to be her father?—But a truce with these reflections; I proceed to the main purport of my letter.

I have taken a house at Windsor; but the present occupier does not quit till Christmas. I have therefore resolved on continuing in my present lodgings in Portland-place till next spring, when I hope to settle myself and charming wife in my new house.

And now, my dear Lucy, I am going to make a request to you, which if you approve, it will much please me; at the same time, it is my particular desire you will not act contrary to your inclination. It is, that you shut up your house, and reside with me until the time mentioned above. I shall then have an opportunity to introduce you to the miss Vernons, which I much wish; and in their society I think you will find pleasure, to say nothing of the satisfaction the company of my dear sister will afford me. If you approve this, let me know immediately, and I will order every thing relative to your journey. In the mean time, I rest your ever affectionate brother,

CHARLES AMBROSE.

LETTER XV.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

I HAVE been laughing, my dear Susan, this hour past, at a young man too—the queerest, surely, that was ever seen. You must know, brother has taken a new clerk, in the room of our poor Charles. But why do I say poor? he is in a way to be rich.

After expecting this rare youth several days, he arrived yesterday express from Hampshire. You have heard of Hampshire hogs, Susan.—He was taken to the counting-house first, and did not make his appearance before us till dinner-time. My brother was then followed by a little diminutive figure, dressed in a whole suit of brown clothes, with carroty hair, tied in a tail behind about the size of my finger. Every feature in his face is what you may call *pretty*, and his complexion may rival the lily for whiteness, with scarcely any red to contrast it; but a more vacant countenance you cannot possibly conceive. He made a sort of side-long bow at his entrance, without venturing to look at either of us.

'This is Mr. Jeremiah Curtis,' said my brother.

'Yes,' said he, 'that is my name.'

'Pray, sir, take a chair,' said Maria. I screwed up my mouth as close as possible, and dared not trust myself with a sentence.

'Thank you, Ma'am,' said he, 'this stool will do'—at the same time seating himself on one, or rather between one and a neighbouring chair.

I could contain myself no longer; but, by way of excuse for laughing, said, 'Take care, sir: you know the old saying, I suppose.' This raised a laugh, in which I had an excuse to join, and gave Mr. Jerry an opportunity of shewing a set of beautiful white teeth, as an additional ornament to his sweet face.

Dinner arrived, but I dared not look on Maria, or any where but my own plate, the whole time. My brother said, 'Young man, you must not expect cheese after dinner; I never have any, I think it unnecessary.'

'I think so too,' said he; 'and toasted, it is unwholesome.'

'Dear!' said I, 'I am sorry for that, for I am very fond of toasted cheese. But how is it unwholesome?' 'Why, I have heard it makes people short-breathed, and causes a bad smell.'

This was too much, and I could sit it no longer; but, putting my handkerchief to my face, I ran up stairs, and laughed so immoderately that Dorcas thought I was in hysterics. Maria soon joined me, and owned it was with difficulty she could refrain.'—'What shall we do?' said I: 'I shall never be able to live in the house with this queer creature?

Oh! when we are used to him it will wear off: you must reason yourself out of it, and think on grave subjects when he is present.

'Thank you for your advice,' said I; 'but I fear I shall not be able to profit by it.'

By tea-time I had laughed myself into gravity, and was able to face the second interview. He sat himself down on the same stool as before, which I have now named *Jerry's stool*; and all Maria's persuasions could not prevail on him to take a chair. Nothing particular occurred at tea. Brother went to the club, and we were left to entertain our pretty spark.

'You had better take a little walk,' said Maria.

'If you please, Ma'am,' said he, happy to be released—and away he went.

He returned in about half an hour, rubbing his hands, saying he was afraid of losing himself if he walked further.—I observed it was coldish this evening.

'Cold, my dear, in August! I do not think so,' said Maria. 'But we will have a fire,' said I, very gravely.

'Oh dear!' he replied, 'not on my account. I was only cold coming out of the fresh air, I suppose.'

'Very likely,' said I. 'I hope your cold fit won't last long. Are you subject to the ague?'

'I had it once, Ma'am; but I cured it with a charm.'

'Really! that was charming,' said I.

'Do you ever read, sir?' said Maria: we have a few books at your service.'

'I can't say I do.'

'How, then, do you employ yourself?'

'Why I think a great deal, Ma'am,' fixing his eyes on the floor.

'And pray, sir, what do you think of this carpet?' said I.

'I think it a very pretty one,' replied the oaf.

Just then the colonel arrived. Jerry retired behind the door. The colonel entered.

'What alone, ladies!' said he.

'No, sir,' said Maria, 'here is a gentleman with us:'—then looking round—'Bless me, where is he gone?'

I who saw him sneek behind the door shut it, and discovered him to the company. The colonel, who could scarcely keep his countenance, observed the gentleman was playing hide and seek.

'And a very innocent amusement too,' said I. 'This, sir, is Mr. Jeremiah Curtis.'—Colonel Ambrose, Mr. Curtis.

I shall not attempt to describe poor Jerry's confusion; it is impossible. I had compassion on him, and let him sit quiet the remainder of the evening.

And now for a word of the colonel.—He told us, that he had just received a letter from his sister in answer to one he had written, requesting her to spend the winter with him at his lodgings; that she had conformed to his wishes, and that he expected her in a few days. I was delighted with this intelligence, and Maria looked pleased.

I am all impatience to be introduced to her. I will lay down my pen till that wished-for day arrives. Maria has been reading this letter. 'For shame, Harriet!' she says, 'you are growing satyrical. You should not represent the young man in so ludicrous a light: he will improve; he is but just come from the country.'

'I wish he may,' said I; 'but till that happy day arrives, you must give me leave to laugh at his expence: I promise you I will cease, when he ceases to be an oddity.'—Adieu for the present.

In continuation.

A WEEK has passed since I wrote the above. This morning the colonel came, and informed us that his sister was arrived, and wished to see us: he therefore proposed, if agreeable, to take us with him directly. We made no objection; but, equipping ourselves in neat morning dresses, attended him. Maria whispered me, that she felt rather agitated.—'Foolish,' said I, 'what are you afraid of? I, however, was not surprised.' The colonel chatted very agreeably during our ride; but, I believe, he noticed Maria's tremor.—'I have,' said he, 'mentioned my sister to you as a sensible, and even a learned woman: I leave you to discover a thousand good qualities of more value in my estimation; for I own, although I admire learning in your sex, I never could find a charm therein to counterbalance the want of an amiable temper and agreeable manners; and, much as I esteem good sense, there is a sort of understanding which I term common sense, that I greatly prefer.'

'But surely, sir,' said I, 'a person endued with a superior understanding cannot be deficient in common sense.'

There certainly are instances of that deficiency, miss Harriet, and some have fallen within my knowledge. But we are arrived.

He then handed us out of the carriage, and, taking a hand of each, led us into the parlour, where was his sister, sitting at work, with spectacles on.

'I am much obliged to the young ladies,' said she, rising from her seat, 'for their early attendance:'—at the same time saluting Maria and me with the most engaging freedom.

By this time the colonel had placed chairs, and we were seated on each side of her. But before I proceed any further, I must describe the person of this lady.

'She is tall and graceful. Her face, though impaired by time, is still pleasing; and it is easy to perceive, that twenty years ago it must have been much more so. She has still a good complexion, although the roses are somewhat faded; and a good deal of vivacity in her countenance, joined to an extremely sensible look. Her dress was neatness itself.

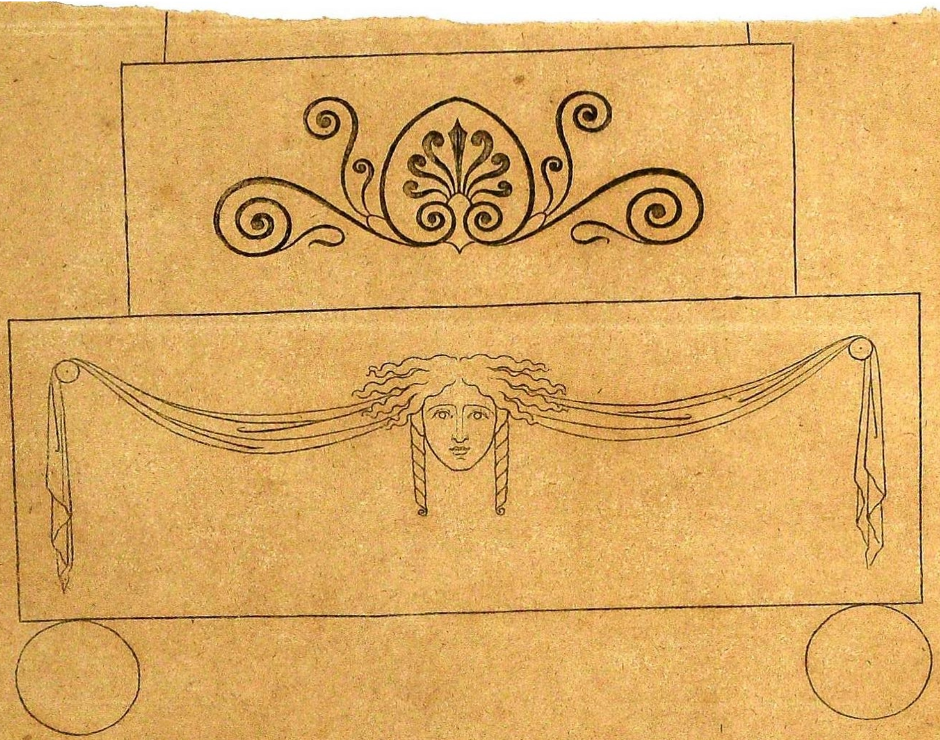
'I am,' said she, looking in each of our faces by turns, 'well acquainted with you both; and as that is the case, we will, if you please, lay aside that reserve that usually attends a first visit, and enter into chat as freely as though we were old acquaintance.'

We smiled at her good-humour, and, after thanking her for so kind a proposal, obeyed her; and having chatted away for near two hours, we took our leave. I should have told you, that the colonel left us in about half an hour, saying—'Now I have brought your visitors, and introduced them, I have done my part.'

'Aye, aye,' said his sister, 'we have done with you now; so you may march off.'

She did not drop a hint relating to her brother and Maria. I thought this was delicate and considerate. She pressed us much to stay dinner, but we declined it. She rang to order the chariot; but, as the weather was fine, we chose to walk home. She then insisted on fixing a day to dine, accompanied by our brother. The day after the morrow was fixed; and we took our leave, highly pleased with our visit.—As I shall have occasion to speak often of this lady, I shall say no more now.

Our long visit and walk had



New & Elegant Drawing for the ornament of a Chimney Piece

brought it past our dinner-hour at home; the cloth was just taking away.

'Oh, oh!' said my brother, 'you are returned then, like bad pennies: I thought I should have saved a dinner to-day.'

'No, not to-day,' said I; 'but on Thursday we have engaged you and ourselves to dine at the colonel's.'

He made no objection, but asked if Mr. Curtis was invited.

'Dear, no!' I replied: 'how do you think he would look in such a visit?'

'Look! why, how should he look? I think he is a very good-looking young man. But you have taken it into your heads to laugh at him. I tell you, he is a very clever young fellow in business.'—I did not dispute my brother's assertion.

After we had dined, we began to tell him the particulars of our visit.—'And now,' said I, 'do not you long to see Mrs. Ambrose?'

'No,' said he; 'she is only a woman, I suppose.'

'But she is a very fine one,' said Maria.

'Her fineness did not get her a husband. I suppose she knows nothing of good housewifery, and so forth:—how should she, for her father taught her nothing but reading and writing, both of which are unnecessary to a woman, unless it be books that relate to household management.'

'I am sure you will like her,' said I; 'and we shall be able to judge of her housewifery by her management of her table.'

I retired up stairs to finish this letter; but hearing an uncommon noise in the kitchen, I stopped to listen.

Dorcas was exalting her voice to a very loud key, with a 'Come from behind the door; I will have no such doings in my kitchen, I assure you!'—I now found it was Jerry kissing the maid (I suppose behind the door).

'And who made it your kitchen, old madam Grumpus?' said Jerry.

'I have been mistress of my master's kitchen these twenty years, replied she, 'and will not be ruled by such a jackanapes as you. I will acquaint the ladies, I assure you.'

'Go tell them,' said he. 'Who cares for you, or they either?'

Dorcas, angry enough before this, was enraged still more.—'Youngster,' said she, 'I give you to know, you must speak more respectable of my young ladies, if you live here: marry, truly you are come to a pretty pass in a week.'

'Don't make such a rout to me,' retorted Jerry: 'I don't care a fig for either of them, although they are such wits.'

'Wits!' said she, 'no more wits than yourself: you had not best stand there, calling names!'

Thus they went on for some time, when master Jerry was sent out on business; and I shall here conclude myself affectionately yours,

H. Vernon.

(*To be continued.*)

Account of the new Grand Romantic Melo-drama, called 'The Wood Dæmon,' presented for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Wednesday, April 1.

THE following are the principal characters:

Hardyknute, -	Mr. De Camp.
Guelpho, - -	Mr. Penley.
Willikind, - -	Mr. Dowton.
Oswy, - -	Mr. Gibbon.
Rolf, - - -	Mr. Webb.
Sangrida, - -	Mr. Montgomery.
Leolyn, - -	Miss C. Bristow.
Una, - - -	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Clotilda, - -	Mrs. Harlowe.
Alexina, - -	Mrs. Scott.

Paulina, - - Miss Kelly.
Mistress of the Revels, Miss Fearon.

This drama is founded on a German tale, which affords full scope to the wild fancy of Mr. Lewis, author of *The Castle Spectre*, &c. who has acquired so much celebrity for productions of this description. The scene is laid in Holstein, and the interest and incidents of the piece almost wholly arise from the devotions paid to the *Wood Dæmon*, to whom, it seems, it was the superstition of the place yearly to immolate a child.

Mr. Lewis has chosen *Denmark* as the scene of his magical incantations; and has fixed the period when the power of Dæmonology was implicitly believed. It appears, that *Hardyknute*, being born deformed and poor, exchanges these disadvantages for their contrarieties, through the influence of the '*Wood Dæmon*,' to whom he pledges himself, under penalty of destruction, that on a certain night in each revolving year he will sacrifice blood upon the altar of the spirit, before the clock exhibited by the side of the altar strikes the awful hour of *one!*—For *eight* succeeding years he has kept his sanguinary vow; and on the *ninth*, he is so far fortunate, that his victim *Leolyn*, a dumb boy, is secreted in the fatal cavern; whence he is delivered by *Una*, to whom *Hardyknute* is betrothed. The time is within a *quarter of one*, and *Hardyknute*, dreading his immediate dissolution, prepares to immolate *Una*; when the boy, climbing near the clock, by the assistance of a spear, accelerates its movement. *One* is struck!—*Hardyknute* perishes!—The boy is saved!—And the restored *Una* is united to the virtuous but unassuming *Oswy*.

Mr. Lewis has given such loose to his imagination, and introduced so many spectres of various descriptions, that nothing less than a jury of ghosts can decide upon the merits of this extraordinary performance. Whatever credit may be given to his powers of invention, his reputation, as an author, will be rather diminished than increased by the Wood Dæmon; which owes its principal attraction to a profusion of splendid scenery, admirably arranged; some charming and appropriate music by Mr. Kelly; and the laudable exertions of De Camp, Dowton, Gibbon, Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. Harlowe, and Miss C. Bristow, who performed the interesting *Leolyn* with great propriety of gesture and expression. A miss Fearon made a *vocal* début, and from the sweetness and power of her voice promises to prove a valuable accession.

Of the scenes it is difficult to say which was the most beautiful. We were most struck, however, with the picturesque variety of the third scene, which exhibits a splendid Gothic Hall, with a gallery crowded with spectators, and an emblematic representation of the Four Seasons, who, as they move in a superb pageant, make offerings peculiar to each to the *Count*.—The scenes, machinery, &c. were worked with wonderful ease and dexterity for a first exhibition of so complex and elaborate a nature. At the close of the last scene, when the *Wood Dæmon* and the *Clock* sink into the earth, that opens to devour them, amidst all the horrors of the infernal regions, there was a general cry of *Bravo!* which was redoubled when the piece was announced for a second representation. It promises, indeed, to be of lasting attraction, and amply to repay the vast expence that must have attended the getting up a spectacle of such splendour, magnificence, and variety.

A NIGHT WALK

IN APRIL.

By J. M. L.

'Night, sable Goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end!'

YOUNG.

APRIL had for some days led the infant steps of Spring, and had begun to clothe the world in her drapery of green, when I commenced my present night walk; in which I am precluded, by *the time* of it, from describing

'The lab'rer trudging to his daily task;
Who goes, loud carolling his untaught song,
In emulation of the soaring lark:
Without a care to canker in his breast,
He breathes the air of liberty and peace.'

Author's Poems.

Now, all such as him had long been stretched in slumber; for it was the time when

'Silence soothes the woe-worn mind,
A balm to sorrow's wound is giv'n;
Religion leaves this world behind,
And soars on seraph wings to heav'n.'

MURRAY.

I had been at a friend's house, about three miles from London, to a dance; yet not to one,

'Where crowded ball-rooms fascinate the train,
Who worship Folly in each varying mood;
Where blazing chandeliers, with shining light
That fain would mimic morning's vivid beam,
Guide the light-footed throng in mazy dance;'

but to one given in commemoration of my friend's union with Eliza, his present wife; the handsomest and best of women.

'The clock had told its longest tale'

before I set off: no part of the company were going my way, so that I was quite uninterrupted in my ideas, as I paced homewards. April had wept but once this day, and that was over a beautiful violet, which the fervid ray of Sol had nearly withered; but the kindly drops had cheered the drooping sufferer, and restored him back to blooming healthfulness. The paths were, on this account, tolerably dry, and though I could not discern the beauties that Spring had begun to spread around, I could yet feel her genial influence in every breath of air. The night was dark and starless, but perfectly serene, and very pleasant; it was so silently still, that I might have said with Hurdis,

'A whisper is too loud for solitude
So mute and still.'

It must have been a similar night that he had in contemplation, when he wrote the following lines:

'So have I gone at night,
When the faint eye of day was hardly clos'd,
And turn'd the grating key which kept the door
Of church, or chapel, to enjoy alone
The mournful horrors which impending night
And painted windows shed, along the dark
And scarce-to-be-distinguish'd aisle. My foot
Has stood and paus'd, half startled at the sound
Of its own tip-toe pace. I've held my breath,
And been offended that my nimble heart
Should throb so audibly. I would not hear
Aught else disturb the silent reign of death,
Save the dull ticking of a lazy clock
That calls me home, and leads the pious soul
Through mazes of reflection, till she feels
For whom and why she lives. Ye timid fair,
I never saw the sheeted ghost steal by,
I never heard th' imprison'd dead complain,
And gibber in my ear, though I have lov'd
The yawning time of night, and travell'd round
And round again the mansions of the dead.
Yet have I heard, what fancy well might deem
Sufficient proof of both; the prowling owl
Sweep by, and with a hideous shriek awake

The church-yard echo, and I too have stood
Harrowed and speechless at the dismal
sound.'

HURDIS.

As I went on, methought it was a night well suited for the lone maiden whose lover is no more to seek the sea-shore, and thus complain:

'When joy's bright daughters slumber,
These wave-wash'd bounds I reach,
And with a tear-drop number
Each sand that paves the beach;
Then chaunt some mournful ditty
In broken accents faint,
Till echo sighs in pity,
And answers to my plaint.

'But soon will life be over,
These pangs for ever sleep;
And I rejoin my lover,
Embosom'd in the deep.
Yon golden orb that sinking
Illumes the rosy west,
Ere ocean's waters drinking,
Shall view my griefs at rest!

'This frail heart, worn with aching,
Can bear its load no more;
Its fibres *now* are breaking,
Its suff'rings well nigh o'er.
Then be this rock my pillow,
That eating waves consume;
And swift the rising billow
Shall waft me to my tomb!'

DIMOND.

On such a night the child of sorrow, too, may seek the silent grove, and pour his pensive plaint, unseen and unheard by all, save that omniscient Being who will attend to his sorrowful ejaculations, and heal his lacerated bosom. We may suppose his complaint to be similar to the following:

'I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

'For mis'ry stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish;—Oh! my mother Earth!
Take home thy child.

'On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.'

MONTGOMERY.

There is something peculiarly soothing in the influence of a calm night, to a bosom that can feel. Peace, though, should be its inmate, for despair is but increased by the placid stillness of every thing around; the recollection of recent, and perhaps severe disappointments, rush upon the mind, and rouse feelings almost too pungent to be borne. As a very appropriate illustration of the foregoing remark, I shall quote the following from Dr. Nathan Drake's Literary Hours:—

'In the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, a description of this kind, in which the inquietude of Medea is opposed to the tranquillity of all around her, has been justly admired, and may, indeed, be considered as one of the most highly-finished scenes in the poetry of antiquity. It has been thus happily translated.

'Night on the earth pour'd darkness; on the sea,
The wakesome sailor to Orion's star
And Helice turned heedful. Sunk to rest,
The traveller forgot his toil; his charge
The centinel; her death-devoted babe,
The mother's painless breast. The village dog
Had ceas'd his troublous bay. Each busy tumult
Was hush'd at this dead hour, and darkness slept,
Lock'd in the arms of silence. She alone,
Medea slept not!'

On the contrary, when the bosom is at rest, and no sorrows but those long forgotten remain to intrude upon its peace, it is pleasing to stroll at night, when every noise is hushed, and giving to the fancy its fullest range, recal past events, or anticipate the future; while, if, in so doing, a recollection of grief, long gone by, should arise, the tear it will call into the eye will seem sweeter than the loudest burst of the rudest merriment.

'Sweet is the odour of the morning's flower,
And rich in melody her accents rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies—

For then, while languid Nature droops her head,
She wakes the tear 'tis luxury to shed.'
HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Better to exemplify my thoughts on the influence of the night's awful and sublime, yet often beautiful scenery, I will again quote from Dr. Drake.

'Some of the sweetest passages in the productions of the poets, ancient or modern, may be drawn from their descriptions of evening and night scenery, and many of these elegant sketches have been committed to memory, for their peculiar truth and beauty. Even when the delineation is merely that of inanimate nature, still the pensive train of thought which we usually associate with the decline of a fine day, or the tranquil lustre of a moon-light night, brings with it a fascinating charm; but when with these are mingled or contrasted the passions of the human breast, an interest of a stronger kind is excited, and the picture becomes complete. What can better harmonise with the sensations of love or friendship, than those delicious tints which a setting sun frequently diffuses over the face of nature? or what more congenial to the gentlest emotions of the heart, than the landscape lighted up by the soothing splendour of an autumnal moon? How are the tortures of an agonised mind, the wilder passions of the soul, heightened by the contrast of scenery such as this! When sorrow, disappointment, and despair, exert their energy, surrounded by images of the most beautiful repose, they rush upon the eye in so bold and prominent a style, as instantly and forcibly to arrest our feelings, and compel our keenest attention.'

In going through Islington, I passed a house where a female once lodged, whose little history may not be uninteresting nor unimproving. She was born and brought up at a town about fifty miles from London, in all the purity of innocence, and at a proper age was placed apprentice to a mantua-maker; before the expiration of her time with whom, her friends died, and she was left with a small property to the care of a guardian, who ever acted the part of a parent by her. When she was out of her time, some friends advised she might be sent to London for improvement, and, *very unfortunately* for her, her guardian acceded to it: to make short of my story, she was placed with a *very fashionable* dress-maker, in an *extremely fashionable* part of the metropolis. Here in two years *she forgot* nearly all she had learned in the country, became corrupted in her morals, and when her time was expired, positively went off with a man who had been but *five weeks* married to an amiable young woman. At this house she lodged, passing as his wife, till disgust succeeded to love (alas! how I have debased the name) in his mind, and he left her to misery.

Fortunately, at this time, her guardian discovered her retreat, took her again into his family, and by degrees restored her wounded mind to peace. She has now left this country, and in another realm is married, I hope happily.

May this be a caution to parents, and lead them to consider well with *whom* they place a daughter for *improvement!* I would willingly also hope it might be a warning to such libertines as was her seducer; but, alas! I fear it is a fruitless hope.

'Ye sons of night, whose each destructive word
Stabs with more keenness than a ruffian's sword;
Whose hydra love can triumph in offence,
A love that smiles at ruin'd innocence;
Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your side
Truth bled, Peace groan'd, and murder'd Virtue died?

Did you ne'er think, when, frantic with despair,
You've seen the anguish of some weeping fair,
Whose voice, once sweet as Philomela's lay,
On darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming day;
Whose snowy bosom heav'd continual sighs,
While tears ran streaming from her lovely eyes;
Ah! did you ne'er with terror at his rod,
Hear the loud voice of an affronted God?
Say, has his rage, his vengeance, lost its fire?
Is he not still almighty in his ire?
Is then his potent arm by thee o'er-rul'd?
His thunders blunted, or his lightnings cool'd?
Oh, no!—e'en now his eye pervades the whole;
E'en now he views, he reads thy inmost soul:
Is there one thought, that (as the darting wind
Unform'd and fleeting,) glances o'er the mind?
Is there an act thou trembled'st to prolong?
Or word that died unfinish'd on thy tongue?
Or form thou view'dst, the phantom of thy fear?
Or sound that languish'd on th' unfeeling ear?
Didst act some hidden guilt, to man unknown?
And wast thou then, or thought'st thyself alone?
Mistaken wretch! whose blind, unequal sense
With daring aim would judge Omnipotence;
Thy ken just glancing o'er a bounded span,
Would join with His who reads the heart of man:
Thou, like the beaming of a morning sun
That gilds the East, art clouded ere thy noon;
He, in the blaze of one meridian ray,
Burns with unsully'd light, and gives eternal day:
Thee fancy, passion's cloudy mists o'ercast:
His all the future, scantly thine the past.'

OGILVIE.

I was now near home. A remote bell heavily tolled one: it brought Dr. Young's excellent lines on Time to my recollection; they are, in my estimation, uncommonly beautiful.

'We take no note of Time,
But from its loss; to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done.'

Having reached my humble domicil, I hastened to prepare for repose, and soon sank into the arms of

'Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.'

YOUNG.

ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

By a Lady.

CHAP. I.

Alphonso's extraordinary situation—His daughter Almira, and her nurse Ursula—His illustrious birth discovered by Ursula, who soon after dies.

IT has been so common to represent novels and romances as founded on truth, that it will, perhaps, hardly be believed, that the present one has its origin in something more than fiction; yet that certainly is the case. The history here related owes nothing to the flights of imagination, or the effusions of fancy. The reader will, therefore, consider it as the pure and genuine memoirs of an unfortunate prince, and his still more unfortunate daughter, whose fate has too often drawn a tear from the eye of pity.

Alphonso, who is the principal subject of the following history, had lived, during more than thirty years, in a certain forest, where he dwelt in a kind of hut, shut out from society, and sequestered from the world. Scarcely ever did any human being approach his habitation. Sometimes, indeed, in wandering abroad, he would perceive the footsteps of

horses, whose riders had been hunting, the part of the forest where he resided being admirably suited to the chase, but without the good fortune of meeting with any one he could speak to. In this abode, the companions of his solitary hours were his lovely daughter, the fair Almira, and Ursula, an old woman, her nurse. As to the partner of his bed, she had been carried off by a fit of sickness soon after the birth of her child.

It is seldom that Providence abandons the good and virtuous. Hence, nothing could be more delightful than the abode of Alphonso, which had formerly been the residence of some poor hermit, grown weary of the world, and tired of its vice.

A number of trees, of the tallest and most beautiful kind, encircled the hut, and shaded it from the sun, except where it was suffered to come for the purpose of ripening some of the finest grapes, that clustered around a particular part. A small rivulet took its course on the south side, abounding with the finest fish; while plenty of fowl of every kind daily served his table, by means of a kind of snare invented by him, and artfully placed wherever they were likely to alight or assemble, by which they were caught as occasion required.

Nature, ever just in all her ways, having thus furnished Alphonso, little anxiety will be raised as to the manner in which he, and his little family, were subsisted. Plenty and variety went hand in hand together in supplying their wants, yet was Alphonso far from being happy or contented. Without any relish for the rarest food, or choicest fruits, the verdure and beauty of the scenes around him excited no pleasure in his mind. Sorrow sat heavily on his brow, and buried him, as it were, under a load of anguish and dejection: nor did his distress remain long unperceived by Almira, who used a thousand little tendernesses towards him, in hopes to soothe away his cares, or make him sit more easily under them; but in vain. Deep-corroding grief pierced his heart, and every attempt to allay it only served to disturb him the more, moved, as he was, by some secret agent, to believe that his birth entitled him to a better fate.

Almira, than whom no one ever possessed a greater share of filial duty, could not be sensible of her father's uneasiness, without participating in it. Though nothing could hurt the brilliancy of her eye, the concern she felt on her father's account entirely discoloured her cheek, and cast a melancholy sadness around her. Bending under a sense of her situation, and despairing of better fortune, she became sad and pensive, till she gave herself entirely up to a life of solitude and reflection, sometimes wandering along the banks of the rivulet, gathering the daisies spread around, and forming them into a kind of wreath to deck her father's brow; sometimes calmly reposing herself where nature, as it were, had prepared a kind of bower in the adjoining woods, lulled to rest by the tuneful birds, whose happiness she sighing wished her own; and every now and then giving vent to her grief by the tear that bursted down her cheek.

It was in one of these moments of retirement that Almira accidentally met her father, and had just enquired the particular cause of his unhappiness, for he had never imparted to her the idea he possessed of an exalted birth, when Alphonso interrupted her, by informing her that he had been in search of her, that she might accompany him to Ursula, who then lay dangerously

ill, and earnestly wished to disclose a secret highly interesting to them both.

Upon their arrival at the hut, they found her approaching very fast towards a dissolution. 'I find myself,' said Ursula, 'too far gone to entertain any hopes of a recovery, and would wish to unfold a story, good Alphonso, of the most important nature to you and Almira.' Having said this, a flood of tears bedewed her cheeks, while the father and daughter stood struck with amazement and surprise. 'You are no son of mine,' resumed Ursula, as soon as she could collect herself sufficiently to proceed, 'but of illustrious birth. Your father, Antonio, was king of Sardinia: his brother, equally cruel and ambitious, no sooner heard of the death of your mother, which happened before you had attained your seventh year, than he determined to prevent your being any obstacle to his succeeding to the throne. Alas! that I should have been selected out by your uncle as a proper instrument to work his design.—He accordingly sent for me, and putting ten thousand ducats in my possession, made me a promise of as many every year, upon my agreeing to put an end to your life. I took the bribe, and attempted to execute the deed—but a sudden fit of horror arrested my purpose. What could I do? I was obliged to conceal from your uncle my want of courage, while my conscience prevented me from proceeding—in short, I could neither recede nor go on. In this situation, and dreading, at length, the anger and resentment of your uncle, I resolved to retire to some remote part of the kingdom. I therefore quitted Sardinia, now, alas! thirty years since, bearing you in my arms, with a child of my own, and after wandering about in the forest for some time, Providence at length guided me to this hut, when my daughter arriving at years of maturity, I gave you her hand, and soon had an opportunity of witnessing your mutual love in the birth of Almira. After my death, which I feel near at hand, buried behind the hut, you will find the sword of state, with which your father, before he came to the crown, fought a duel. The inscription on it you will find curiously engraved on the blade. I found means to bring it with us in order to testify your birth, should occasion ever require it. Heaven preserve you both!—I would say more—but fate calls me to my long-wished-for home.'

'And is my father still living?' exclaimed Alphonso. Ursula, seizing hold of his hand, endeavoured to reply—but in vain. Her speech had entirely left her, and her dissolution presently took place without a single groan.

CHAP. II.

Alphonso resolves to quit the Forest.—Almira meets with an extraordinary adventure.

The secret disclosed by Ursula was of too much consequence to Alphonso and Almira, not to have an extraordinary effect. They attended to her with an equal share of astonishment and surprise. Alphonso seemed in a manner rivetted to the tale he heard, while Almira's bosom heaved with expectation, impatient and anxious to learn in what it would end.—Alphonso and Almira looked with wonder and amazement at each other; but neither could utter a single word, to express the thousand thoughts that rushed into their agitated minds.

But the strongest agitations of the mind, however violent when first produced, or whatever the cause

from which they arise, yield to time and reflection. A few days were sufficient to recover Alphonso and his daughter from the consequences of the surprise they had been thrown into; and having buried Ursula in an adjoining piece of ground, as well as circumstances would admit of, Alphonso began seriously to consider what course he should pursue. Acquainted with his history, he grew every day more and more impatient under his situation. Resentment against his uncle succeeded the wonder with which he had heard of his conduct towards him, and he determined, at all events, to seek that station to which his birth entitled him; but all he knew of the world was no more than the little he had heard of it from Ursula.

It is seldom that Providence long neglects to work the ends of justice. While Alphonso was deliberating within himself on the means of quitting the forest, distracted with a thousand obstacles that presented themselves to his view, an adventure befel Almira, as happy in its consequence as it was extraordinary in its occurrence.

Sauntering through a neighbouring grove one morning, buried in contemplation on her hard condition, a human voice assailed her ear. Frightened and alarmed, Almira immediately resolved to fly to the hut, and was making all possible haste back to it, when a sudden impulse checked her on her way, and carried her insensibly towards the spot from whence the cry proceeded. She had scarcely time to reflect on what she was doing before she espied a horse, bridled and saddled, without any person on it. The reason, however, presently appeared, when, looking with a mixture of wonder and pleasure at the animal, she beheld the rider of it at its feet. She instantly flew to his assistance, and tenderly pressing his hand, enquired whether he was hurt; but the fall had stunned him to such a degree as to deprive him entirely of the power of speech. This circumstance gave Almira an opportunity of revolving in her mind the nature of the accident, and the propriety of what she had done. A supposed indelicacy on the part she had acted, at first gave her some reason to think she had proceeded too precipitately in throwing herself in the way of a perfect stranger; and no very common emotions disturbed her breast in the thought of being, upon the youth's recovery, in the hands of one she had never seen, alone, and at a considerable distance from her father, the only help and succour she could fly to. But the purity of her intentions fully justified her, and rendered her insensible of any danger. Unconscious of any offence herself, she suspected none in another. There were besides every thing to captivate and ensnare her. She beheld a youth alone, of the age of twenty, of an admirable stature, and handsome face; and she found a sensation within her, of too pleasing and delightful a nature to be resisted.

The stranger on his recovery was equally charmed and surprised. 'Heavens!' (exclaimed he, in a kind of extacy), 'to what angel has Providence directed me?'

And it would have been extraordinary, indeed, had he not felt himself more than commonly agitated, upon his coming to himself, to behold one of the most beautiful women, perhaps, that ever nature formed, for such, without exaggeration, was Almira.

'Tell me,' said the stranger, 'to whom am I indebted for this kindness?'

'To one of the most unfortunate of beings,' replied Almira.

'Is it possible,' exclaimed he, 'that one so fair and lovely can be unfortunate?'

'It is, indeed!' cried Almira; 'but who is it that I have the honour to address? for something tells me I ought to make this enquiry, and to prize this meeting as the only incident of good fortune I have ever met with.'

'My name, since you are pleased to ask it,' said the youth, 'is Rinaldo; my country, Sardinia. My father died some years ago, and left me under the care of my uncle, the count Antonio, who, with myself, were thrown out of a hunt this morning, in which the king himself partook.—How I came here, or where I am, I am yet to learn.'

'Let me then conduct you,' said Almira, 'to a place where you can be in safety, and take some rest. My father and I have a little home not far off. Such fare as we can give, you will have with a hearty welcome. My father will pity your misfortune, and commend me for recommending you to his care.' Rinaldo, who appeared not a little struck with the figure of Almira, could not avoid discovering how much he had become enamoured of her.—Good heavens! thought Rinaldo, what a difference between the studied manners I have been accustomed to, and the artless simplicity of this fair-one, in whose way so strange an accident has thrown me.

Rinaldo would fain have possessed himself of every little particular concerning Almira, but she delayed satisfying his curiosity until another opportunity, and offered to accompany him to her father's hut, an invitation which he most readily accepted.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of Rinaldo upon entering the hut. Every thing around him was viewed as the effect of inchantment.—'Surely,' exclaimed he to Almira, 'this is some fairy castle allotted for the residence of some beautiful goddess, for certainly you can be no other. Your very air denotes you to be more than mortal. The simplicity of your manners, the virtue of your mind, and beauty of your person, must endear you to every one who has the happiness to behold you. What palace is there I would not leave to live with you in the humblest cottage!'

Alphonso being from home, the greater opportunity offered itself to Rinaldo for pursuing his discourse. Much he pressed her to give him her story, confident there must be something marvellous in it, and that her birth had given her a claim to a situation very different from that he found her in; but Almira, as often as she was urged to it, excused herself on account of her father's absence, not thinking herself justified in giving any relation of herself and family until she had obtained his consent so to do. She therefore conducted him to an inner apartment at the back of the grotto behind the hut, where having supplied him with some fruit, and several cakes of bread, made from an inferior kind of wheat that grew on the forest, she begged to leave him to his repose, rather wishing to avoid introducing him to her father until she had informed him of the adventure that had befallen her, and received his approbation of what she had done. Rinaldo accordingly withdrew to the place Almira had prepared for him, and pressing her tenderly in his arms, exacted a thousand promises of an early visit in the morning, to which Almira pledged herself with equal fervency, and sighing heavily, bade him adieu.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the new Comedy, called 'A DAY IN LONDON,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Thursday, April 9.

THE CHARACTERS.

Jack Melange, - -	Mr. Bannister.
Captain Import, - -	Mr. De Camp.
Sir George Dapple, -	Mr. Russel.
Mr. Bouvere - -	Mr. H. Siddons.
Sir Sampson Import, -	Mr. Cherry.
Briers, - - -	Mr. Raymond.
Issachar, - - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Ponder, - - -	Mr. Maddocks.
Jones, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Serjeant O'Sullivan, -	Mr. Johnstone.
Farmer Sickle, - -	Mr. Dowton.
Willow, - - -	Mr. Bartley.
Lady Mary Import, -	Miss Duncan.
Mrs. Sickle, - -	Miss Mellon.
Jane, - - - -	Miss Boyce.
Maria, - - - -	Miss Ray.
Dolly, - - - -	Mrs. Scott.
Bar-maid, - - -	Miss Tidswell.

FABLE.

ON the opening of the piece, *Mr. Sickle*, a rich Gloucestershire farmer, arrives in London, and at the inn encounters an old friend, *Mr. Briers*, a hop-merchant in the Borough, to whom he recounts the motive of his visit to the metropolis, from which we learn that he has married a second wife, a young woman whose vanity and ill-temper have banished his son and daughter, and in search of whom he has undertaken his present journey. The farmer conceives he has some clue to the retreat of his daughter, as she was brought up with her foster-sister, *Lady Mary Import*, who is now married, and resides in London. *Briers* promises to assist him in his search, and offers every friendly interference. *Mrs. Sickle*, who is of a romantic turn, supposing her husband to have journied into Westmoreland, takes this opportunity of visiting London, under the protection of young *Willow*, a platonic cicisbeo; but arriving at the same inn, she is surprised by her husband, and left fainting in the arms of her pretended friend, while the farmer flies the scene, doubtful of the evidence of sight. The farmer's son, *Edward*, has found an asylum in the service of *Sir George Dapple*, an extravagant young man of fashion, whose affairs are in the hands of Jews, brokers, and money-lenders; while *Jane*, his daughter, meets the protection of her generous foster-sister. *Sir Sampson Import*, a banker and a city knight, has entered into a second marriage with the daughter of a ruined peer, without a portion—a woman of benevolent mind and polished manners. The old knight, proud of his choice, wishes her to be the object of universal admiration, and by opening his doors to men of fashionable levity, gives frequent opportunity for calumniating report. The farmer's wife is removed, by young *Willow*, from the inn to a private lodging, where he throws off the mask of friendship, and assumes the professed lover. Deceived in the confidence she had placed in him, and indignant at his advances, she flies the house, and rushes into the street, imploring protection, which she receives from the very step-son that her conduct had driven from his father's habitation. In this dilemma she is encountered by an Hibernian Serjeant, who had just returned from the house of *Sir Sampson*, whither he was dispatched on the business of his captain, nephew to the knight. *Jack Melange*, a generous eccentric, offers pecuniary assistance, which is rejected by *Mrs. Sickle*; in which he is surprised by *Briers*, of whose daughter *Melange* is a professed admirer. *Briers* misconstrues the motives of *Melange*, and enters the house in search of *Willow*, determined to demand satisfaction for the injuries of the Farmer. *Mrs.*

Sickle here accepts the good offices of the Serjeant, who conducts her to the house of *Sir Sampson*, where she is most honourably secreted and protected by *Lady Mary;* from which circumstance several embarrassments arise, to the injury of this generous woman's fame, which ultimately involves *Captain Import* in a duel with *Melange* and *Sir G. Dapple;* but chance placing the two latter parties in the power of *Lady Mary*, she prevents their meeting until proper explanation restores them to their former friendly intercourse. *Mr. Bouvere*, the partner of *Sir Sampson*, proves to be the younger brother of *Lady Mary*, who, on his return from the Indies, had adopted that mode of observing his sister's conduct, on which (the affinity unknown to her) he often ventured to comment with an asperity displeasing to her feelings. The piece concludes with the rescue of *Sir George's* estate by the generous interference of *Melange*, with a conviction of the purity and honour of *Lady Mary;* the marriage of *Jane* with *Captain Import*, of *Melange* and *Maria;* and the reconciliation of the farmer and his wife. Throughout the play there are several episodical characters and situations. The general design of the piece is to shew the inconvenience and distress that often arises from matches of unequal years; and that the best actions cannot insure us the good opinion of the world, if accompanied by a careless apparent levity of conduct. The Irish Serjeant is a principal agent throughout, and his actions stimulated by the most benevolent motives.

This piece is the avowed production of Mr. CHERRY, the author of the *Soldier's Daughter*, &c. It is, however, entirely of the mediocre kind. The author is highly indebted to the performers for the best efforts of their art. Miss Duncan's acting, both in the play and epilogue, saved the piece. Miss Mellon and miss Boyce merited much commendation.—Bartley acquitted himself as well as possible in a prologue which earnestly solicited patience and forbearance. It had its desired effect.

One of Bannister's pleasantries was very successful. As *Melange* he was asked, whether he was not going on a *shooting party?* 'No (replied he), I never singed a bird's feather in my life. I went once indeed a *shooting*, and then I made but a *bad hand* of it.' The allusion to his late accident was instantly seized, and the audience shewed their feeling sense of his value, by three distinct rounds of applause.

A MORNING WALK

IN SPRING.

By S. Y.

> 'Old hoary-crested Winter has retir'd,
> And lovely Spring, adorn'd with rosy garlands,
> Puts on her beauteous many-spangled robe.
> Her purple child, the aromatic violet,
> Diffuse its sweets around; while sportive Zephyrs
> Convey the fragrance into distant dales.
> The plumy tribes, with their mellifluous strains,
> Seem to congratulate the Spring's return,
> And make the grove resound with melody.'
>
> J. WEBB.

ERE the rays of newly-risen Sol had penetrated in at the window of my lowly yet contented dwelling, I arose, and taking my old oak-stick, sallied forth to enjoy the beauties of an early walk. The lark had just begun his matin song, and was soaring high above me, and with gladness seemed to hail the new-born day, whilst each feathered songster made the groves resound with their dulcet lays, when

winding my way towards a plantation, I with pleasure viewed the rising of the sun crowned in transcendant brightness.

> ———‘Beneath thy parent beams,
> The queen of gentlest beauty earliest comes;
> Sweetly she smiles, and gladsomely she trips,
> And sings the song of joy.’

Before I had reached my destined spot, the sun had risen far above the distant hill, and clothed the surrounding prospects with enlivening beauty. The primrose and the violet adorned the ground, the grass was yet wet with the dew, the sportive flocks were scattered over the distant meads, the plowboy whistling drove his team to yoke, and all nature seemed to rejoice at the return of Spring. As I walked on enjoying the gentle zephyrs, the spangled fields, and verdant lawns, and thinking of thousands who were yet in their beds, or, perhaps, wasting the early hour in wantonness and luxury (which, in the modern fashionable phrase, is termed pleasure), the thought recalled to my recollection the following lines:

> ‘Ye pallid tribes, who breathe a stagnant air!
> Ye sons of sickness, or corroding care!
> And you, ye fair, whose radiant eyes impart
> Delicious poison to the enraptur'd heart!
> Here on the banks of willow-shaded floods,
> Or with the Dryads of the groves and woods,
> Inhale the morning's aromatic breeze,
> That wafts delight, and banishes disease;
> Here woo the power that swells your balmy sighs,
> And kindles loves and graces in your eyes;
> Here cheerful youth's serenest tints resume,
> The genial glow of love, and joys perennial bloom!’

In an adjoining field stood a temporary lodge for the accommodation of the cattle. A gentle shower that began to fall quickened my steps towards it for shelter; when, entering it, to my great surprise, I found a man asleep on some straw, with his face downwards. He was dressed in an old soldier's coat and blue trowsers. I stood and gazed on him for some time, not willing to break his repose, which he seemed much to enjoy. At length he awoke, and my surprise was not a ittle increased, when, arising from this bed of straw, I beheld an old Indian. I was about retiring, when he accosted me with —‘Me, massa, no hurt you!’—I turned, and viewed him again. I found he had lost his leg. I asked him many questions, which he answered me as well as possibly he could. I learnt that he had been in the English service, and lost his limb in an engagement with the enemy, and for his support had learnt to make nets and rush-baskets, which were concealed in a corner of this hut, covered with straw. An old knapsack served him for a pillow, and his crutch was all his defence. I put a pittance in his hand, for which he blessed my goodness.

> ‘The check'd tear,
> Dimming his dark eye's lustre, seem'd to say,
> This world is now, to me, a barren waste,
> A desert full of weeds, and wounding thorns,
> And I am weary; for my journey here
> Has been, though short, but cheerless.’

I walked by his side until we reached the road that led to the next village, and, by his conversation, found that he acknowledged and adored the Deity. He told me the many dangers and miseries he had endured, and though at an advanced age, hoped once more to behold his native land. I reasoned with him, and bade him not repine though fortune frowned: every one that liveth hath more or less his portion of calamity.

> ‘Exiled man,
> Be cheerful! thou art not a fugitive!
> All are thy kindred—all thy brothers, here—
> The hoping, trembling creatures of one God!’

By my watch, I found that it was near eight o'clock; so pursued my way across the fields home, having a

more pleasing prospect before me, which was to attend the nuptials of a friend, and the felicity and honour of being the donor of the bride. Having equipped myself in my best, I hastened to the spot, where I found my friend ready in his wedding suit, with hopes delighted, and the dear lovely object of his choice dressed in white, pure as the driven snow, attended by some lovely maids, with cheeks of living roses. Gentle reader, pardon me when I say, I was inspired by their lovely charms, and could not forbear to clasp each maiden alternately to my bosom—and

'One kiss, enchanting maid! I cry'd;
One little kiss!—and then adieu!'

We then in lively array repaired to the sacred fane. As we approached the altar, a modest blush adorned the beauteous maid, while purest love with all its gentle emotions kindled in her eyes, and soon I gave her white lily hand to him who is worthy of the prize;

'Who with noble mind,
To modest worth his nuptial hand resign'd;
Each action dignified, each word serene,
Love's tend'rest thoughts still bright'ning o'er his mind,
Graceful he decks her with the mystic sign,
That bids their souls in endless love combine.
Then leads her kind to feasts luxurious spread,
Where all the graces deck their nuptial bed;
While youth with new-blown flow'rets strew the way,
And round their steps soft hymeneals play.'

We had scarcely quitted the church when the merry bells begun the cheerful peal, and the day was spent with innocent mirth and pleasure. Gentle reader, you will doubtless allow the single state, under some situations, to be a source of comfort, and the marriage one much its inferior when minds are not correspondent—

'But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.'

Happiness or misery is the lot of every votary of Hymen, and as such it highly becomes every one to observe the following piece of wholesome advice:

'Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in thy choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen—fixing, fix:
Judge before marriage, then confide 'till death.'

Though not proudly recorded in the annals of gallantry, nor too passionate in my affection, yet lives there *one* to whom my heart would fain acknowledge an esteem: my intentions, dictated by honour, wait for an avowal, and then will I acknowledge the secret fondness I bear.

'Yes, it is true, I utter'd not my tale;
But didst thou never hear the bitter sighs
That swell'd my breast, ne'er see what deadly pale
Stole o'er my cheek; how often to mine eyes,
Spite of myself, the grief-wrung tears would rise,
When by thy side some youth, than me more bold,
Made blest in all those charms that wealth supplies,
With ready tongue his artful story told?
Hast *thou* not seen my passion, ill-controul'd,
For *thee* in thousand nameless actions shewn?
Seen that in others nought could I behold;
That still I spoke, mov'd, breath'd, for *thee alone?*
And might not these have taught *thee*, far above
The feeble power of words, my *matchless love?*'

Since social scenes are more adapted to the female character, let me therefore recommend to you, fair readers, a choice of that happiness which an union of worth is likely to attain at the altar, as much preferable to a single life, uncheered by the pleasing contemplation of domestic society, or happy by the delightful satisfaction of maternal feelings, to sooth the

'Wintery blasts of sad declining age.'

Though a capricious maid has given me just reason to complain, yet will I not, for her sake, despise the sex, renounce society, and court the gloom of solitude. The smiling dawn of happy days may yet be mine; and I indulge the fond hope that the happy time is not far distant, when, like my friend, I shall with ineffable delight stray with rapture through the blissful groves of Hymen, and pluck with reciprocal delight the fairest and sweetest flowers of human felicity.

To conclude, I subjoin a character which truly belongs to the dear object of my wishes:

> 'A maid
> Who knows not courts, yet courts does far outshine,
> In every noble beauty of the mind:
> One, who, in native loveliness arrayed,
> Has a soul much too great to stoop to pride,
> In the mean ways by which it aims at grandeur.'

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF the following letter, which was sent by a clergyman to a youthful and giddy relative of mine, and of which I obtained a copy, appear to you as ingenious and instructive as I consider it, you will greatly oblige an occasional correspondent by giving it a place in your agreeable Miscellany. Yours, &c.

L. M.

Chichester, April 2.

'If *age* may be allowed to confer wisdom, and claim the ear of public attention, I have the best title to a patient and respectful hearing from mankind. And, notwithstanding the subject-matter of my address will be complaints against them for their neglect and ingratitude, yet I trust some will pay a proper attention to my remonstrance, while it is in my power to render them the most essential service. The commencement of my existence has been a matter of dispute among philosophers of most ages and nations, who have too much neglected to improve me, while they were unprofitably employed in fixing my origin. I, however, date my birth from the remotest antiquity. My mother, whose existence never had a beginning, lost that existence the moment I was born; but at my death she will regain it, and it shall never more come to an end. I was present when the vast fabric of created things emerged from ancient chaos, and saw it arise completely beautiful and perfect from the forming hand of its glorious Creator, when the '*morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy*.' I saw the successive generations of men people the globe, presided at their birth, attended them through life, and fixed the period of their days. In me they existed, and from me the means of obtaining every blessing have been derived through all ages. I have not only brought into being emperors, kings, philosophers, and heroes, but have been their constant companion, and immortalised their names and characters through succeeding generations. Without me they could never have acquired honour, fame, or conquest. Their greatest labours, their best-concerted schemes, their most admired systems, philosophy, morals, and religion, gradually ripened under the auspices of my favour, and were by me matured, and brought to perfection. It was I that mellowed the glowing touches of Raphael and Titian, and spread a venerable glory on their works. To me Homer owes much of his fame, and the labours of ancient artists are indebted to me for much of the

praise they have acquired. I destroy as well as create: by me the Egyptian pyramids arose; by me they will be demolished. By imperceptible degrees I crumble the proudest monuments of human skill and labour to dust, and erase the memorial of the great. I bring to light truths long obscured by darkness, the secret machinations of the wicked, those virtues that bloom in obscurity, and establish the characters of men, of kings, and of nations. No man ever saw me *intire;* for though I am continually in view, yet they only behold in succession the parts of which I am composed. It is by my means that men enjoy their most desirable pleasures, and yet, while in the enjoyment of them, they frequently neglect and abuse me. Notwithstanding I am their best friend, yet they often compel me into the most unnatural employments, and many of the great use all their art to *kill* me, although they know me to be essential to all their happiness. The lover, the statesman, the poet, and the usurer, at certain periods, all wish me annihilated, and consider me as the greatest bar to that felicity which they contemplate in prospect. To the heir of a large estate I am peculiarly irksome, and he, at the same time, wishes my departure and arrival. Such is the inconsistency of mankind. They always think my presence tedious, and yet are frequently complaining that I depart too soon.

I am, however, differently judged of by the wise man and the fool. While the latter complains that my motion is slow, and that I hang heavy on his hands, the former esteems me in proportion to my value, and laments the rapidity of my flight. All are fools who neglect and abuse me; and indeed it is those only who can properly be stigmatised with that contemptuous appellation. All are wise who value and improve me, and none but these are truly intitled to that dignified character. And although I shall not exist to see the final lot of those innumerable millions who have either revered or abused me; yet I will venture to assert that the reverence, or abuse, which they have shewn me, will be made the only criterion of their fate in another state of existence. In proportion as they have valued me, they will be esteemed in the sight of the Supreme Judge. But however slighted or misemployed I may be by the sons of folly, or votaries of pleasure, they will all seek the continuance of my presence and favour, when convinced that they can no longer enjoy it. The prospect of losing me for ever awakens affection, even in those who till that moment either totally slighted me, or employed me to the worst of purposes. Those who have wasted me in a guilty round of animal gratifications, the pursuits of folly and madness, or sacrificed me, days and hours without number, at the card-table, will then lament their foolishness, and seek with unavailing tears for a little more

TIME.

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A PLAIN white satin slip made strait, and high in front; sleeves of white crape, rather loose and full: over the slip, a vest made of pale blue sarsenet, either figured or plain, and trimmed with white fancy trimming. Head-dress, a tiara of gold in front, and over the back part of the head a purple silk net: handkerchief richly bordered and spangled with gold: on the left arm,

an armlet enriched with a topaz, &c. Small gold watch and chain outside the dress, ornamented with pearls and small seals. White shoes and gloves.

2. Round long dress of orange-coloured crape, over a petticoat of white sarcenet: sleeves of white net, lined with silk. Head-dress, a close round cap of purple velvet, ornamented with gold stars, and a rich gold cord and tassel hanging from the centre, and a plume of shaded swansdown feathers. White shoes and gloves.

Ladies' Dresses at the Queen's Drawing-Room.

ON Thursday, April 9, her majesty held a drawing-room. There were present the princesses *Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary*, and *Amelia;* the dukes of *Kent*, *Cumberland*, and *Cambridge;* and a very great number of the nobility, and persons of distinction. The new ministers were presented to her majesty. The following are some of the ladies who were presented, with the dresses they wore on the occasion.

The beautiful lady *Annesley*, by her mother the countess Mountnorris. Her ladyship was dressed in white crape, ornamented with pearls.

Miss *O'Beirne*, by her mother, the lady of the bishop of Meath.

Miss *Tilney Long*, presented by her mother, lady Catharine Long. Her dress was extremely elegant, and more admired than any one at court.

The train was of white satin, richly embroidered down the sides in silver mosau border, body strewed with spangles, and sleeves trimmed with fine point lace: petticoat of white crape, the left side of which was embroidered in waves of silver; at the bottom a foil border, studded with stars of dead silver; on the right side across was a falling drapery of embroidered border of ivy leaves, over which two corners with tassels suspending, and showered with small spangles, having a particular good effect; on the other side a band of silver, tastefully supporting rich cords and tassels. Head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, pearl coronet necklace, bracelets, &c. The elegance of this dress would only be surpassed by the appearance of the amiable wearer.

Lady C. Long.—Crape petticoat appliqued with a rich gold border, and strewed with spots, drawn up with large gold cords and tassels; train of dark figured silk, trimmed with handsome point and gold lace.

Mrs. C. Berne.—Body and train of grass green satin, trimmed with joint lace; petticoat of pamona green, appliqued in different shades of green and gold, forming three draperies with handsome borders.

Miss C. Berne.—Presented.—White satin train, sleeves appliqued in silver, and velvet spots with a rich border at the bottom, and trimmed with lace; petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape, appliqued in a rich border of velvet and silver, in the form of wheat-ears; a sash embroidered with the same pattern, thrown over the left pocket-hole, and a handsome drapery on the right side. This dress was extremely elegant. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, pearl coronet of butterfly.

Lady à Court.—White crape dress with points. The appearance of this dress was extremely neat.

THE BREAKFAST.

An EXTRACT from 'SANTO SEBASTIANO, or the YOUNG PROTECTOR,' a NOVEL, by the Author of the ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

JULIA now being ready to leave her chamber, Mrs. Goodwin conducted her down; and introduced her to Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave, and a party assembled in the breakfast-room.

Our heroine's figure, now no longer attenuated by recent sickness, nor her limbs unstrung by languor, combined in it all the harmony of exquisite symmetry: every movement displayed the perfection of graceful ease; and her whole appearance was truly feminine and lovely. Hers was a countenance that spoke instantly to the heart, her beauty was blended with such fascinating sweetness, such a bewitching expression of all that was amiable. She looked so intelligent and sensible, yet so mild and artless; her voice was so touchingly melodious, and her accent and language so prettily tinctured with the foreign idiom (she, until the last year of her life, scarcely ever having attempted to converse in English), giving to all she uttered so much winning simplicity; that no being of sensibility could behold her, for a moment, without feeling interested for her happiness—could not listen to her an hour, without wishing to promote it.

Julia saw that Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave were still uncommonly handsome; but both strikingly affected, and their manners unpleasantly artificial. She was received by the doctor with supercilious courtesy; by Mrs. Hargrave, with words expressive of cordiality; —but her countenance sparkled not with it, as Mrs. Goodwin's would have done, while bidding a stranger welcome. Doctor Sydenham and Mr. Bloomer, clergymen belonging to the county, who were come to stay at doctor Hargrave's during the election; miss Penrose, a pretty missy girl of seventeen, a schoolfellow of miss Hargrave's; Charles Goodwin, Celestina Hargrave, her parrot, and three yelping puppy dogs, formed the party assembled.

Mrs. Hargrave, in imitation of the countess of Gaythorn, was become a wonderful admirer of beauty; and no one now could expect her favour, who was not handsome.

'I have been in company with so many hideous women, of late,' said Mrs. Hargrave, when they were all seated at the breakfast-table, 'that it is really quite refreshing to look at miss De Clifford.—You must have *heaps* of lovers, miss De Clifford' . . .

'Not one, at all, that I know of, madam,' replied Julia, blushing; 'except, Henry Goodwin, who is for my acknowledged, *caro sposo*.'

'That is your youngest boy, if I recollect right, Harriot?' said Mr. Hargrave. 'Pray is Rosa improving in her looks? Is she growing up any thing approaching to pretty?'

Mrs. Goodwin smiled, while a deep blush heightened her natural fine bloom, but was silent. Julia blushed too, with resentment; and with vivacity replied—'Miss Goodwin, before I did ever see her, had passed *approach*, for pretty; and was arrived, quite, at *perfection of beauty*.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Hargrave: 'I am vastly happy at hearing this surprising news. I have not seen Rosa since she was in the small-pox, which I thought must have *completed* her beauty; and I always forgot to ask how she fared.'

'My dear sister!' replied Mrs.

Goodwin, 'surely you have been often at my house since Rosa had the small-pox!'

'Well!' answered Mrs. Hargrave; 'but I never looked at her.'

Tears started to Mrs. Goodwin's eyes; and she hastily bent them to the ground, to conceal what trembled in them.

'*In vero*,' said Julia, 'I am, a great deal astonished, why for, any one could, not, look, at Rosa Goodwin; for yet, I never did behold, so much attractive a countenance.—Oh! so lovely, that when walked I have, sometimes, with her, in the Museum Garden, I have been distressed, very strongly, by the observation, she awakened; for not a being, did ever pass her, at all, who did not turn for to gaze, and make exclamations, expressive of their much admiration, for such sweet, mild, beauty.'

The clergymen looked at each other, and smiled.—'Great, indeed,' said doctor Sydenham, 'must miss Goodwin's beauty be, if she could be the object of attraction when her companion was miss De Clifford.'

Julia's cheeks were again suffused with a vermilion tint; and, with a smile, she replied—'Indeed, I could nothing claim, for the admiration excited: for I was such a spectre, of illness, that the only emotion, could I awaken, was pity very much in the beholder.'

'I know not what you then might have been,' returned this pleasant-looking, cheerful old man; 'but I see you now are exactly what I should wish to be my wife, were I five-and-twenty.'

Julia answered him, playfully; and a lively, spirited dialogue, was carried on by them.

'Do n't put faith in his protestations, miss de Clifford,' said Mrs. Hargrave; 'for doctor Sydenham is the greatest flirt in the world.'

Mrs. Hargrave's information was pretty accurate:—Doctor Sydenham was a notorious flirt, and favourite of all the young women in the county. He was a bachelor, of seventy. In his youth he had been too poor, and in his old age too wise, to marry. He had often felt the influence of the blind urchin; but so frequently did he sigh in hopelessness, that his heart became callous to disappointment; and he could now make love to the daughters and grand-daughters of those very beauties he had formerly sighed for, without a pang of fond regret. Not until he had almost attained his grand climacteric, was his merit (which was certainly conspicuous) rewarded;—then, after being long reconciled to a fate which seemed to say he was to live and die a curate, most unexpectedly, a large living was presented to him; and to which he was scarcely inducted, when another, even more considerable, was bestowed upon him. It was now too late, he thought, to commence a wedded life. His parochial flock he adopted as his children, who all honoured their pastor, and loved him as a father. He was kind to his relations; benevolent to the poor; possessed the esteem of the old, and the affection of the young. His house, the seat of hospitality, was often filled with guests; and harmlees mirth, and innocent amusement, were ever promoted by the cheerful, venerable, host.

Mr. Bloomer, by some preternatural influence, had obtained the singular favour of inverting the order of nature; and after he had passed his fiftieth year, time took, with him, a retrograde motion, and every birth-day his age decreased one year; so that now he was only

forty, though had he gone on as men (and women too, though often against their inclination) usually do, he must certainly have numbered sixty years. This man possessed a large fortune, independent of his church preferment, which was considerable. He had been called 'Beauty Bloomer' in his youth; and still thought himself an Adonis: and he was, and ever had been, so devoted to himself, that no expense his own purse could supply, no trouble which others could take, was ever spared by him for his gratifications. And he was the most formal, precise-looking, being, that ever prim Exactness modelled. That dust, or soil, which the wear of the day gave to others, and even the neatest people, never approached him; for he constantly appeared as if an invisible glass-case, or some ethereal substance, shielded him from all which could discompose or disorder his appearance: and now, at breakfast, he was seated powdered, perfumed, and polished up, to the highest degree of lustre, displaying his fine teeth and white hands to the greatest advantage; and hoping, most fervently, that this young and beautiful stranger was admiring him; when, just as Mrs. Hargrave had completed the sentence——'Doctor Sydenham is the greatest flirt in the world,' Celestina's immense parrot suddenly flew from his perch, and alit upon Mr. Bloomer's head, and, with a horrible, discordant imitation of laughter, began to flap his wings with all his might, covering the whole tea equipage, and filling the surrounding air, with clouds of perfumed powder.

Nothing could exceed the rage of Mr. Bloomer, except the boisterous mirth of Celestina, whose shouts of laughter and hooting, at the universally powdered coxcomb, only increased Poll's din and exercise. Doctor Hargrave, jumping up, seized the parrot, to extricate his friend; but Poll, either from obstinacy or liking the sport, set her beak fast in Mr. Bloomer's hair, and maintained her ground. Doctor Hargrave was compelled to his utmost exertions, to drag Poll from the head; which he would not loosen his hold of, but dragged too—a peruke off, and left the bald-pated beau an absolute friar, with only a tonsure round his face.

Mr. Bloomer had not temper to bear such an unexpected mortification; he aimed at instant retreat: but treading upon one of the puppies, a dreadful yelping succeeded, which brought Celestina to its aid, who having taken the wig from Poll, now, in a rage, slapped it in Mr. Bloomer's face. Doctor Hargrave attempted to apologize; but the now insulted beau, not deigning to hear a word, precipitately retreated from the room, and as soon as possible left the house.

'You should, Celestina, my love,' said doctor Hargrave, as, with lofty composure, he was returning to his seat, after Mr. Bloomer haughtily refused to hear his offered apology —'You should contrive to make your favourites less annoying, and more amenable to command.'

'Not I, indeed, pa,' replied miss Hargrave, saucily; 'and those who do n't like my favourites as they are, need not come to the house. As for that old vamped-up thing, he may go to the d—l, and shake himself.'

'Hell and furies!' exclaimed doctor Hargrave, at this moment observing one of the puppies busily employed tearing a manuscript pamphlet.—'My exquisitely written French Revolution, which I had only completed this very morning.' And now, with a passion far exceeding Mr. Bloomer's, he kicked the puppy, with violence, to the other end of the room; and, with savage rage, shook his daughter by the arm, and ordered her instantly to quit his

presence:—'And he would take care,' he vociferated, 'to have the necks wrung off her infernal plagues!'

Miss Hargrave set up a hideous yell of crying; and peremptorily declared—'She *would not* leave the room.'

'Sir,' said Charles, timidly, 'the manuscript I saw you correcting before breakfast, is now lying behind the cushion of the sopha, where you left it; and this the dog has unfortunately torn,' picking up some of the fragments—'this was a sermon, I believe .... Oh! dear me! and, I am afraid, upon the Resurrection.' ....

'Thank Heaven! it was nothing of consequence!' cried doctor Hargrave, running to the sopha.—'Aye, you are right, Charles; my treasure is safe.—Really, really I am quite shocked, to have appeared in such a pet; but you can feel for me, Sydenham. Authors, you know, have quick feelings; are ever tenderly alive to the fate of the offspring of their invention:' and doctor Hargrave attempted to smile.

'Aye,' said doctor Sydenham, 'the head of an author, as well as a beau, is his hobby horse; and we must forgive their being a little disconcerted, if any foe should attack either the head or the offspring with hostilities.'

Doctor Hargrave, feeling a little too silly to succeed in the smile he still aimed at, now called his bellowing daughter to him. 'Come hither, Celestina, my dear love! come hither, and kiss me. I am sincerely sorry, my mistaking what your favourite had torn, should lead me to rebuke you.—Come, love, kiss and be friends.'

'Never do you believe that,' replied miss Hargrave, sullenly. 'Do n't think you shall break my head, and give me a plaster.'

'Well!' said her father, 'I shall not at present contest the point with you: I shall wait until your judgment is unbiassed by indignation; and then, I know, your reason will lead you to my arms.' And now, feeling himself particularly pleased with Charles, for having proved the herald of joyful tidings to him, doctor Hargrave suddenly addressed Mrs. Goodwin.—

'Really, madam, your son is a vastly fine youth. I was much pleased with his conduct yesterday, at table;—it was so truly gentlemanly. He carved with so much ease and dexterity;—was so unobtrusively polite;—so attentive to the ladies near him, without servility or officiousness;—that I was infinitely charmed with him; and I am sure his appearance and manners are such, he will rapidly make his way in India. .... But pray, Mrs. Goodwin, may I ask, at whose table Charles learned such a gentlemanly deportment?'

'At his father's, sir,' replied Mrs. Goodwin, with dignity softened by the natural sweetness of her disposition.

At this moment, the door was thrown open; 'Lord Gaythorn,' announced; and a very tall, genteel-looking, elderly man, with a countenance of such undaunted boldness, that no woman of delicacy could behold him without disgust, entered; darted up to Mrs. Hargrave, and, taking her hand with much familiarity, expressed his happiness at 'seeing her look so lovely.' And now the rector contrived to obtrude upon the notice of his lordship; who, the instant he could escape the homage of the doctor, whose bows sent his mouth to kiss the carpet in reverence, turned to observe Mrs. Hargrave's companions, and on beholding Julia, started. Our heroine

started not, but felt nothing like satisfaction, at recognising in him one of Fitzroy's companions, who had remained in the sociable, and so much distressed her, the preceding evening, by his rudely indefatigable gaze. His lordship now hastily requested Mrs. Hargrave to introduce him to her fair friends; and Mrs. Hargrave announced lord Gaythorn and the three ladies to each other.

'Mrs. Goodwin,' said his lordship, with all the appearance of interest he could muster upon the occasion, 'I rejoice to see you so perfectly recovered from your dreadful alarm. My friend Fitzroy, and myself, could talk of nothing since, but your interesting terror, surrounded by such a savage multitude: and had my friend Fitzroy known where he could have the happiness of finding you, he would (for he is the most attentive man, to the ladies, in the world) have done himself the honour, even amidst the bustle of canvassing, of calling to enquire for you.'

Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave were now highly disconcerted, at finding their guests had been seen, by his lordship, travelling in a hack chaise, without even the protection of a footman, the objects of ridicule and insult: and now, even more than they had done the last two days, regretted having given so unlucky an invitation to Mrs. Goodwin; which they would by no means have done, only long feeling a scruple of conscience relative to their neglect of this estimable relation (to whom they owed such a debt of gratitude), and thinking this election afforded an excellent opportunity of inviting her to Z., when the variety of people entertained at every house, would sanction a woman of no fashion being at the Rectory; and the constant bustle every gossip would be engaged in, would occupy them too much to indulge their curiosity: and, above all, lord and lady Gaythorn were in London, where they had resolved to remain during the election; but upon Fitzroy starting up as a candidate, and his lordship belonging to the party which espoused him, he found himself compelled to be present at Z. during the contest: and lady Gaythorn, too, had been obliged, for the same cause, to return to the Priory, his lordship's seat, near Z., the evening before the last;—the first moment his patron's intended presence at the election was announced to the dismayed rector, when it was too late to put off the visit of Mrs. Goodwin.

Lord Gaythorn having made his speech to Mrs. Goodwin, with a bold stare, and languishing manner, addressed some high-sounding compliments and congratulations to Julia, upon 'her apparent recovery, from her sweetly expressive terror, the preceding evening;' which she received with a formal bow, of repulsive ceremony. His lordship then, observing Celestina sobbing, over her still yelping favourite, kindly demanded 'What ailed his pretty romp?'

'Only a *row* with my father, said she; 'who was such a brute as to kick my beautiful darling, for tearing a dab of a trumpery sermon.'

Lord Gaythorn, shocked at this undutiful speech, instantly turned to Mrs. Hargrave, saying—'I perceive you have not changed your daughter's school.'

'No, my lord, nor do I mean it,' Mrs. Hargrave replied. 'I was dissatisfied certainly; but now they have got the first dancing-master in England. Scamperini teaches there.'

'And can a mother wish for more?' said doctor Sydenham.

'I am sure, sir, a mother must be difficult to please, who could,' returned miss Penrose; 'for miss

Hargrave has improved so rapidly, and surprisingly, under his tuition, that she is the wonder of every beholder. She is now our principal dancer; and on our last public day, all the spectators were in raptures with her: and beside that, she has learned from him to arrange her drapery, better than any girl in the school.'

'What!' exclaimed lord Gaythorn, does signor Scamperini teach the misses to dress, as well as dance?'

'No, my lord, no; only the arrangement of the frock—to hold it so, when we walk, as to display the whole contour of the figure to the greatest advantage:' replied miss Penrose, consequentially.

'So, my lord, so,' . . . . cried Celestina, now flattered into good-humour, and suddenly dashing down her beautiful darling. . . . . 'I could shew it better had I a thinner frock on. Our governess makes us practise this a great deal:—but some of the girls, who are rickety, do n't like it at all. Aye, and if there is an election ball, I'll shew you, too, what good dancing is:—I'll dash through Parisot's hornpipe, like mad:—I'll make the company stare, I'll warrant me!'

'That I have no doubt of,' said doctor Sydenham.

The rector now, with profound respect, asked his lordship some questions relative to the election; and lord Gaythorn told in his replies, 'that Fitzroy was a guest at the Priory; that he was then gone far into the county, to canvass, and had deferred waiting upon doctor Hargrave until evening, of whose vote his lordship had assured him.'

'Does your lordship favour any other of the candidates?' doctor Hargrave asked.

'No,' returned his lordship; 'I am for Fitzroy alone.'

'Does her ladyship?' said the rector.

'Certainly you have not seen my friend Fitzroy, or you could not ask that question.—All the ladies are for Fitzroy;' returned lord Gaythorn.

'So must all discerning men too, since he is lord Gaythorn's friend,' said doctor Hargrave, bowing to the ground. 'Therefore, permit me to say, my lord, that I am for Fitzroy alone.'

'That is kind, said lord Gaythorn, shaking the rector's hand.—'And pray, doctor Sydenham,' he continued, 'may I ask, who is to have the honour of your vote and interest?'

'I am at present,' replied doctor Sydenham, smiling, 'devoted to miss De Clifford, my lord; who must have the goodness to determine for me.'

'Must I,' said Julia, smiling too, 'then if you have, great, many, hundred, votes, I wish them all to be given, for Mr. Fitzroy.'

'Indeed!' said his lordship.—'His knight-errantry to your fair friend, has won, I see, your interest for him.'

'My knowledge of Mr. Fitzroy,' replied Julia, feelingly, 'was of longer time, than his, so kind rescue, of Mrs. Goodwin's servant. I am of myself, under obligation, to him:' and her cheeks glowed with, and her eyes spoke, the most animated gratitude, while she continued:—'I was once, in so great distress—insulted, mortified, derided (by my own sex, it was; who had no shame, to do it)—I had friend, none near me—Oh! it was to me, a moment of strong suffering!—but Mr. Fitzroy, came, and came to my help. Mr. Fitzroy, was a stranger; but that, for him, was nothing; his heart was benevolent, I wanted of him aid, and he gave me, safe protection.'

'My vote and interest, then, are his,' said doctor Sydenham, with emphatic feeling.

'Happy Fitzroy! to have such a resistless advocate!' said his lordship, looking expressively at Julia, who gravely replied—'That man, indeed, is most happy, my lord, whose own merits, claim, and secure him to, the so honourable support, of such a venerable, and so good friend, as doctor Sydenham.'

Lord Gaythorn now entered pleasingly into general conversation; and at length, when he arose to take leave, he, with much politeness and hospitality, invited the whole party at the Rectory to dinner, next evening, at seven o'clock;—an invitation which was most cordially accepted by Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave;—and his lordship departed, attended to the very outward gate by the obsequious rector.

The morning was chiefly taken up by a variety of insipid visitors to Mrs. Hargrave; and at dinner, a large company assembled. The dinner was fatiguingly pompous, yet excellently good; but went off heavily, the whole conversation turning upon the election.

ON SOLITUDE.

HAD not society been that for which we were designed by infinite wisdom, there would not have been so strong a bias in our inclinations, such pleasures annexed to conversation, such irresistible charms in agreeable company; something that by a secret sympathy, an internal force, a pleasing kind of violence, seems to link us to each other, and makes us delight in a mutual communication of thoughts, a reciprocal exchange of sentiments.

Besides, it is not probable that faculties so eminent as ours were given us to be concealed like sepulchral lamps intended only to enlighten urns, and spread their useless rays round their small circumferences. Doubtless they were designed for greater, much nobler purposes; their splendour was to be more extensive like the sun, to be every where conspicuous. They were to be the objects of esteem, to attract respect and veneration, by which their influence might become more prevalent, and they thereby be rendered capable of becoming benefits more widely diffused.

It was certainly not intended that those who possess exalted understandings should live only to themselves, and shine in private, but that they should be guides to those of less elevated sense, and that the ignorant and novices in knowledge should receive instruction from them. Such as had learned only the elements, the first rudiments of virtue, were to be enabled to make a greater progress by the precepts and examples of those who had made it their long and constant practice, and who by continual conflicts had acquired the mastery of their passions, the entire government of themselves. The rich were made so, that they might reward merit, and supply the necessities of the indigent and unfortunate: the great were made powerful, that they might become public blessings, defenders of the distressed, protectors of the innocent, and revengers of the injured.

From what has been said, it seems evident that we were not created wholly for ourselves, but designed to be serviceable to each other; to do good to all within the circle of our acquaintance, and in some way or other render ourselves useful to those we converse with; for which reason solitude ought never to be our choice, an active life including in

it much greater perfection. But if it be our fortune to live retired, to be, as it were, shut up in a corner of the world, and denied the pleasures of conversation, I mean those delights which naturally result from rational and instructive discourse, we ought to endeavour to become good company to ourselves, ought to consider, that, if we husband our time well, improve our abilities, lay in a rich stock of knowledge, and, by our diligence and industry, make a happy progress in the necessary as well as the pleasant parts of learning, we shall be always agreeably employed and perfectly easy without calling in foreign aids; we shall be cheerful alone, and entertaining to ourselves, without being indebted for any part of our satisfaction to those frivolous diversions to which the generality of mankind are obliged to have recourse.

What can afford a higher, a more masculine pleasure, a purer, a more transporting delight, than to retire into ourselves, and there attentively inspect the various operations of our minds, compare our ideas, consult our reason, and view all the qualities of our faculties, the inimitable work of divine wisdom, and the participations of inconceivable power which are discoverable in our wills and acts!

Without us there is nothing but what will be a fit subject for our contemplation, and afford a constant and delectable entertainment. If we look on our bodies, their complicated composition, the admirable symmetry and exact proportion of their parts, the intelligence which appears in the face, the vivacity which sparkles in the eye, together with that promptness and energy which accompanies every motion, will afford ample matter for meditation. If we extend our view to the animal and vegetative kingdoms, make a strict scrutiny into the individuals of each respective kind, consider their forms, their properties, their uses, and their peculiar virtues; and if to these we add the totally inanimate part of the creation, and observe nature as she there luxuriantly exhibits her skill in numberless productions, we shall find abundant matter on which to employ our thoughts. But if we still widen our prospect, and look beyond the narrow confines of this globe, we shall be pleasingly confounded with a stupendous variety of objects; we shall be lost in a delightful maze, and stray from one wonder to another, always finding something new, something great, something admirable, and every way worthy of that infinite, that incomprehensible wisdom to which the universe owes its origin.

Thus may we delightfully as well as advantageously employ ourselves in our studies, in our gardens, and in the silent lonely retirement of a shady grove.

By day the verdant fields, the towering hills, the winding rivers, the murmuring brooks, the bleating flocks, the lowing herds, the melodious birds, the beauteous insects, the minute reptiles, together with the vast expanse of heaven, and that glorious fountain of light which adorns it, and imprints a pleasing lustre, imparts a delightful diversity of colours to every thing on which it shines, will suggest fresh hints: at night ten thousand sublime objects will entertain us; unnumbered orbs of light roll over our heads, and keep our thoughts agreeably employed.

If at any time we find that too strict an attention, too great an intenseness of mind, brings a languor on our spirits, we may have recourse to books. In them (if judiciously

chosen) we shall be sure to meet with rational amusement, something that will instruct as well as please; will make our hours glide easily along, and yet prevent their being lost.

> 'Dear to the Gods ambrosia prov'd,
> As dear are books, where they 're belov'd;
> They 're still the mind's delicious treat,
> Its healthful, most substantial meat;
> The soul's ennobling sprightly wine,
> Like nectar sweet, and as divine:
> Castalian springs did ne'er produce
> A richer, more spirituous juice.
> When by't inspir'd we fearless rise,
> And, like the giants, brave the skies;
> Pelion on Ossa boldly lay,
> From thence both earth and sea survey;
> On them the huge Olympus throw,
> Then to the tow'ring summit go,
> Thence take a view of worlds on high,
> From orb to orb with pleasure fly;
> Still upward soar, until the mind
> Effects does in their causes find,
> And them pursue till they unite
> In the bless'd source of truth and light.'

But none can be thus happy in solitude unless they have an inward purity of mind, their desires contracted, and their passions absolutely under the government of their reason. Learning without virtue will not, cannot, bestow felicity. Where there is an internal disturbance, a tumult of thought, a consciousness of guilt, and an anxiousness of soul, there can be no easy reflections, no satisfying pleasures. No, there must be innocence, calmness, and a true understanding of the value of things, before the mind can find an enjoyment and complacency in itself. To render a retired life truly agreeable, there must be piety as well as human knowledge, incorrupt morals, as well as an insight into nature; a disregard of wealth, at least no eager solicitude for it; a being weaned from the world, from its vanity, its applause, its censure, from all the means it has of enticing or disturbing, all that it can give or take away; for without an absolute independence on all things here we cannot properly be said to enjoy ourselves, and unless we do so we cannot be happy alone.

M.T.

Poplar, February 15.

THE STROLLER.

By D. Y.

> 'Alteration! alteration!
> Oh, what a wonderful alteration!'
>
> COLLINS.

A STROLLER!—'Pshaw!—I detest the name!'—perhaps some fair reader may ejaculate. Be that as it may, I am a stroller; and as nothing will alter my being a stroller, I trust the dear fair-one will not form an unfavourable opinion of me; but excuse me when I say, I am a good harmless sort of fellow, and mean no body any injury. My strolling has certainly taught me to be content; and let the world wag as it will, still I am happy: my bosom is serene,

> 'Like a peaceful sea that knows no storms.'

I envy no one; but as chance guides my steps, I cannot help now and then noticing some absurdities that present themselves: yet I am aware that roses as well as thorns spring up in every soil, so I take things as they fall. I was just going to say, I think your very amusing friends, *J. M. L.* and *S. Y.* are of my fraternity, for they are strollers to all intents and purposes; and if I consider them as such, I trust they will have generosity enough to forgive me: but on the other hand, if I should by saying thus much offend, why, I beg to assure them (as I do all others) I mean no harm, and would scorn to set a foot into either of their paths.

As I was strolling the other morn

across the fields, I met with an old school-fellow of mine; but you must know, some how or other he is fixed in what is called a higher situation than myself, and to prove to you he was in this instance, he was on horseback, and I on my legs: but I was content. Phillips once said,

'Happy the man, who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse, retains
A splendid shilling.'

I knew I had that in my possession, but really cannot answer for this old school-companion. As I passed him, I gave a *look-direct*, but he feigned not to recollect me; yet, as he crossed his nose with a white handkerchief (which I believe to be his mother's), he condescended to return me a *look-oblique*. I really think that I appeared to him no bigger than one of Gulliver's Lilliputians, while no doubt he conceited himself as big as one of his Brobdignagians; so apt are some people to suppose themselves *great*, because they happen to be placed in an exalted situation.

'If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.'
YOUNG.

At first sight I scarcely knew this exalted youth, and I firmly believe he had been using a little of that *certain something*, which (excuse me) many of you fair creatures make use of; for when we used to go to school together I recollect his face was as brown as a nutmeg, while mine (though I say it), was as fair as a lily, but now it was (as Tim says in the farce) all over red and white like the inside of a shoulder of mutton. Perhaps some of our modern finical sparks may hang their jibs, and say, 'what business is it to you, Mr. Stroller, what we gents do; we are of the *beau monde*, and will do as we please.' To such I answer, you may do as you please, and so will I.—Now, fair readers, I submit myself to your smiles and protection; and if this trifle should meet your approbation, you may shortly anticipate something more from me, for I have kept on till my paper is full, and for the present I resign my pen.

——'Such the vanity of *great* and *small;*
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.'
YOUNG.

ANECDOTE.

OLD Giffard the player, lately deceased, used to relate an anecdote which exhibited, in a strong point of view, one of those failings by which, it is well known, the lustre of Garrick's transcendant merits was somewhat obscured. He and that great hero were performing together in *Hamlet*, and Giffard had the part of the *Player King* assigned him; which he acted to admiration, and with unceasing and rapturous applause from all parts of the house. On his retiring behind the scenes, he was greeted with the cordial congratulations of his fellow-performers; but one, more sage than the rest, observed, that 'though he could not but witness his success with pleasure, yet he feared that that might prove one of the most unfortunate days of his life, and that Garrick and he would never be seen on the same boards together again.' 'And,' said Giffard, 'his fears were but too well founded; we never were.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

By John Mayne.

BY murm'ring Nith, my native stream,
I've hail'd thee with the morning's beam;
Woo'd thee among the Falls of Clyde,
On Levin's banks, on Kelvin-side;
And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,
I welcome thy return again—
At Hanwell! where romantic views,
And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse;
And where, lest erring man should stray,
Truth's blameless Teacher leads the way!

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
Rearing thy head to brave the storm
That would thine innocence deform!
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

Sprung like a Primrose in the wild,
Short, like the Primrose, Marion smil'd;
The Spring that gave her blossoms birth,
Tore them for ever from the earth;
Nor left, ah me! one bud behind,
To tranquillize a Parent's mind,
Save that sweet bud which strews the way,
Blest Hope! to an eternal May!

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
Rearing thy head to brave the storm
That would thine innocence deform!
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

THE LYRE OF WOE,

A Rhapsody.

ADDRESSED TO FANNY.

By W. M. T——.

I'VE struck the Lyre of Woe too long,
My plaints can ne'er make sorrow cease;
To pleasure now I'll give my song:
Ah! could the strain my Fanny please,
I'd sing thee many a merry tale,
Or paint thy charms in amorous measure;
I'd swear the swiftly varying gale
Ne'er, varying, blew on such a treasure.

With fifty more such flights as these,
Such as the dreaming bard composes,
Who but in fancy's wand'rings sees
The coral lip, the cheek of roses:
Or in my song to nature true,
I'd paint the bliss I oft have known,
When, whilst each moment swifter flew,
Beneath yon hill with thee alone,

I've clasp'd thee to my glowing breast,
And sworn I lov'd thee o'er and o'er;
And as to mine thy bosom prest,
I still have lov'd thee more and more:
'Till feeling I could never tell
Thee how I lov'd, or paint my bliss,
I've press'd thy lips' bewitching swell,
And drown'd the accents in thy kiss.

Whilst every kiss still made me feel
That I did love thee more sincerely,
Then from my heart a sigh would steal,
And I would say 'I love you dearly!'
'Twas all my rapture, let me say,
But, Fanny! 'twas sincerely true;
And I was bless'd to hear *thee* say,
Blushing, 'My William, I love you!'

Thus many a happy night I've pass'd,
And thought it fled but as a minute,
And I would ever think the last
Had most of heav'nly rapture in it.
This be my theme! no more I'll sigh,
No more I'll strike the Lyre of Woe;
From hence be mine the Harp of Joy,
And sweetly may its numbers flow.

BALLAD.

By W. M. T——.

DARK and cold was the night, and the wind was loud howling,
But I felt it not, F——, whilst wand'ring with thee;

And tho' o'er the lone church-yard the black cloud hung scowling,
I sat on a grave-stone with thee on my knee.

And I felt too a bliss tho' the scene was so dreary,
A rapture which none could inspire, love, but thee;
'Twas the press of thy lips made me fancy it cheary,
When sat on a grave-stone with thee on my knee.

And when the fierce tempest's shrill whistlings grew louder,
And thy bosom began to be fill'd with alarms;
Than the gem-cover'd monarch thy William was prouder,
To see thee forget all thy fears in his arms.

Thus, F——, thro' life will I ever protect thee,
Thro' each varying scene I still constant will be:
Should sorrow assail thee, or friendship neglect thee,
Thou still shalt be welcom'd, my F——, by me.

MY FATHER.

WHO in my helpless infancy
Assisted oft to wait on me,
To ease my mother's arm and knee?
My Father.

When at my Mother's breast I lay,
Who would attempt in sportive play,
To make me turn my head away?
My Father.

Who would not let the servant share
With Mother her nocturnal care,
But chose himself that cross to bear?
My Father.

And when at night I left the breast,
Who took me on his arm to rest,
And to his manly bosom prest?
My Father.

Who, if the Rushlight ceased to glow,
Would softly down the staircase go
To fetch another from below?
My Father.

Who, when for pain I could not rest,
His tender sympathy exprest,
And tried each posture for the best?
My Father.

Who join'd in all my childish plays,
And in the pleasant summer days
Who drew me in my little chaise?
My Father.

Who lent his cane for me to ride,
And fix'd my little legs astride,
And smiled to see the horseman's pride?
My Father.

And when the cane had run its course,
And I grew tir'd of that resource,
Who bought this painted rocking-horse?
My Father.

By converse wise and manners kind,
Who help'd to store my opening mind
With knowledge of the useful kind?
My Father.

Who was it that with anxious care,
Forewarn'd me of each dangerous snare,
Taught how to seek for aid and where?
My Father.

Shall I not then, from day to day,
Strive that my future conduct may
Thy love and tenderness repay,
My Father.

Yes! I intend, while still a boy,
My hours of study so t'employ
As to be call'd thy darling joy,
My Father.

And when I shall become a man,
I'll still pursue the grateful plan
In every instance where I can,
My Father.

And as thy peaceful end draws near,
Be it my care thy hours to cheer
As long as thou continuest here,
My Father.

When Death his pointless arrow tries,
And summons thee from earth to rise,
My hand shall close thy long-loved eyes,
My Father!

Sheffield, 1807.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Sir,

THE two following Poems I have every reason to believe are original, but I cannot pledge myself that they are so. They fell into my hands by mere chance, in the remains of some letters from one female to another, which from the appearance of the paper, writing, &c. must have been written nearly fifty years. At all events, I trust you will join with me in thinking they are deserving of a public perusal, and a place in your esteemed Magazine.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
J. M. L.

A LADY's WISH.

COULD we our present wish obtain,
Should we contented rest?
Perhaps that wish might fatal prove,
Lamented, if possess'd.

Yet now my wand'ring fancy leads,
For once I'll give it way;
Nor fear the dictates of my heart
Sincerely to display.

Unlike some cynic bards I own,
Who wish to find a cell
Within some lonely thicket's gloom,
Where they retir'd may dwell.

Not from humility, but pride,
Sure such disgusts proceed;
Benevolence and charity
To social duties lead.

Grant me, kind Heav'n! among the world
A fortune large to spend;
Not for myself alone the wealth,
But ev'ry worthy friend.

Yet still of wealth the sweetest joy
Would be, some share to grant
To ev'ry honest heart that sigh'd,
In misery and want.

Yet no conveniency I'd spare,
No elegance refuse;
No pleasure innocence allows
But I would freely use.

My hours amongst my chosen friends
I chiefly would divide;
Whilst writing, reading, and the muse,
Some share would claim beside.

Is there, beyond these mild delights,
A wish I do not own?
And is the heart by Heav'n design'd
For friendship's joys alone?

Should love sincere, and friendship strong,
With truth and virtue join;
Then might the modest virgin sure
Her heart to love incline.

And in the praise of him I lov'd
Should ev'ry voice agree;
His mind be gen'rous, just and good,
From mean disguises free;

Polite his manners, taste refin'd,
Well learn'd in ev'ry art;
In ev'ry science that exalts,
Instructs, or charms the heart.

From vices free, but not from faults,
I'd have the man I choose:
Myself unnumber'd failings feel,
Unnumber'd can excuse.

Yet not a lover less endow'd,
Can e'er my hand receive;
And sure without my heart's consent
My hand I'll never give.

Then hush, my soul, indulge no more
These vain romantic dreams;
For discontent alone attends
Impracticable schemes.

Yet not from discontent arise
The visions I disclose;
My heart, for blessings I enjoy,
With gratitude o'erflows.

Too well I know such wishes vain
Would ne'er be satisfied;
One wish another would succeed,
If these were gratified.

Ambitious paths I must forsake,
Bid vanity adieu;
Then may content, by virtue led,
My wand'ring steps pursue.

DELIA.

HYMEN, thy torch so sacred light;
Venus, look on with features bright;
Ye smiling loves, advance;
Prepare the way, your banners spread,
Around ambrosial odours shed,
And chaste desires enhance.

Your altars raise, your brows adorn,
Grand as the blooming, blushing morn,
With colours bright and gay;
For Delia, and her fav'rite youth,
Led on by liberty and truth,
Come jocund on their way.

Ye wanton winds, in breezes play,
Ye sturdy poplars, homage pay,
Nor rudely shake the air:
Soft as Favonia in the vale,
Or mild as Cassia's spicy gale,
Salute the happy pair;

Whose minds no sordid sins reprove,
No guilty thirst of lawless love
Their placid peace annoys;
Each heart approves the public voice,
Consenting parents crown their choice,
And glow with conscious joys.

Hail, wedlock! ever honour'd rite,
Resistless charms in thee unite,
Attractive graces shine;
In Eden's flow'ry vale assign'd
To bless and to enrich mankind,
In Adam's virtuous line.

How soft the chain, the bond how sweet,
Where merit, virtue, wisdom meet,
Where souls by instinct turn!
Like the chaste doves each other know,
With sympathetic ardour glow,
With honest transport burn.

Speak ye who feel its sacred force,
Who know its deep mysterious source,
Who can its cause explore;
Would men but love by virtuous rules,
The jests on marriage made by fools
Would then be heard no more.

Peace and content would bless each day,
The hours serenely glide away,
Nor feel time's restless rage;
Improving and improv'd, they'd learn
New charms in wisdom to discern,
New beauties in old age.

With health and undisturb'd delight,
Long may you bless each other's sight,
Each other's peace pursue;
In pleasures innocently gay
Pass the remains of life away,
With purer bliss in view!

TO CUPID.

FLY hence, thou cruel treacherous boy!
No more I'll court thy winning smile,
Which scarce appears but to beguile
And lead a tender heart astray.
Thy wiles I now will shun, for no alloy
Will then disturb this breast, or take away
The tranquil happiness that o'er it once held sway.

For now deceiv'd, with haste the chain
That link'd so *false* a heart with mine
I'll break, nor e'er before thy shrine
Will bow submissive, or thy aid implore:
From sacred friendship I will seek to gain
The long-lost peace thou'st from this bosom tore,
Then laugh thy wiles to scorn, nor ever seek thee more.
Cheer'd by her smiles, I ne'er shall feel one pain,
And tho' *thou once* deceiv'd, shalt *ne'er* deceive again.

MATILDA.

March 18, 1807.

SONNET.

By W. M. T——.

WHY do I shun soft pleasure's sportive train?
Why seek the midnight's solitary gloom?
And, heedless, see depart health's roseate bloom;
Dread sign of loath'd disease, sad care, or pain?
'Tis not desire of wealth—ambition vain!
Or philosophic lore, or sickness' doom:
'The charms of song,' the dusky scene illume,
And o'er my willing mind their sway maintain.
And whilst I, pensive, sweep the trembling lyre
Of sad Valclusa's bard, or Flaccus sage,
The virgin Hope warbles her sweetest strain,
And bids me to the glorious meed aspire
To genius due——her smiles my fears assuage;
And led by her I seek *the wreath which few attain.*

SONNET.

On reading the Fourth Sonnet of S. T. Coleridge.

'Ah! that once more I were a careless child!'

WHY, Coleridge! wish for childhood's hours again?
We heave a sigh of fond regret, 'tis true,
As memory bids its visions rise to view,
And feel that then we scarcely knew a pain;
For oh! 'tis sweet to muse on pleasures past,
Whether in youth's gay dawn, or manhood's prime:
Such thoughts a pleasing melancholy cast
O'er the rapt soul.—But not alone the time
Of infancy's light hours such joys can bring:
Of virtuous love thou knew'st not then the bliss,
The 'witching transports of thy Sara's kiss;
Nor friendship's charms, nor fancy's visions wild!—
Then, Coleridge! in thy hours of sorrowing,
O! wish not that thou wert again a child!

W. M. T——.

SONNET.

Written after perusing a beautiful Sonnet, by *W. M. T.* which appeared in the *Lady's Magazine* for February.

AH! say, sweet Bard, whose melancholy strains,
'Mid night's deep silence warbl'd, wake the ear
To all the charms of melody, and cheer
With harmony divine the woods and plains,
Why thus thy footsteps seek the lonely bow'r,
Or shun the busy crowd, and blaze of noon,
To court the pensive glances of the Moon,
That sweep the dewy green at night's dull hour.
Soft are *thy* tuneful strains, as when along
Eve's sable bosom breath'd, the list'ning vale
Awake to Philomela's hapless tale,
Swells the sad note, and echoes back her song;
And as in ev'ry whisp'ring breeze she sighs,
Wild on the ravish'd ear the mellow cadence dies.

March 5, 1807. H. C.

A BURLESQUE POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A FEMALE,

From a Solitary Bachelor.

THE *tea-things* are safe, I have put them all by,
I have wash'd them, and wip'd them, until they are dry;
Only one of the cups, dismal tale to relate,
Poor thing, by my hands, met an untimely fate,
For I pinch'd him quite hard, though still he ne'er spoke,
He was too proud to bend, so behold you, he broke:
Now what caus'd his pride is to me quite a riddle,
I survey'd him all over, top, bottom and middle;
And my eyes did not shew me a beauty more bright
Than the others possess'd, though I held up the light,
And they all behav'd well, did not offer to stir,
And to all my rough usage still made no demur:
But this haughty cup, so puff'd up with pride,
Met the fate he deserv'd, when unpitied he died:
Though now I remember from China he came,
But then all his brethren had just equal fame;
Yet still that idea might make the thing proud,
For the Chinese are stiff folks, aye, e'en the poor crowd;
This pretext is therefore the best I can find,
If you know of another, pray tell me your mind.
Yet before I conclude let me say one thing more,
'Tis what bachelors often have met with before,
The mice—now don't laugh, Miss, at what I shall tell,
For if you do that, it will not be done well—
Have intruded their teeth 'mongst my bread and my cheese,
And frisk round the cupboard my fancy to tease;
For if I take pen up, as I may do now,
With their scratching and squeaking, they breed a fine *row*;
And just when I'm thinking of love and the graces,
Plump before me pops out one or two of their faces.
I think, do you know, that the mice, like mankind,
Are grown wiser, for traps they no longer will mind;
For when lately I've set them to catch the curs'd rout,
Should any get in, before morning they're out:
Now this is most dreadful, and soon we shall see,
Great Britain by mice quite devour'd will be,
If Parliament quickly don't take it in hand,
And save from such vermin this once-happy land.
Another thing too is to me vastly shocking,
Just behind where I sleep, Miss, the cats all come flocking;
There's a hundred, I'm sure, but I hear you cry, 'No'.
Then I'm sure there is fifty, or twenty, or so.
Still you seem not to credit; well, don't make a pother,
For certain I am there was ours and another.
But this don't concern what I meant to advance:
'Tis a shame they are suffer'd thus idly to prance;
It is more than a shame, 'tis a *loud crying* sin,
For while they dance out doors, the mice dance within:
Yet if these said cats would their duty attend,
Soon the mice to their capers would find a sad end;
But the world topsy-turvy, dear Miss, is now turn'd,
And all good advice by *such creatures* is spurn'd.

April 2, 1807. J. M. L.

LINES addressed to a YOUNG LADY, on a dear Friend's going to Sea.

IN weeping numbers and with streaming eyes,
Distracting thoughts and agonising sighs,
I'll fondly dwell upon our last adieu,
And tell my sorrows, dearest girl! to you.
He's gone! he's gone! what pen or tongue can tell
The pangs each felt as each pronounc'd *farewell!*
Farewells with sobs repeated o'er and o'er,
At last we part—*perhaps* to meet *no more;*
Then from each other pensively withdrew
With ling'ring steps, and sigh'd *a long adieu!*
The rising hills intrude their envious height—
He's lost for ever to my longing sight:
By friends despis'd, an alien from his home,
The bark he treads, regardless of his doom.
The breeze now wafts him from his native shore,
To where proud billows, howling tempests roar;
Where war's dread fury, with destructive sweep,
Hurls desolation o'er a pathless deep.
Perhaps he falls by murd'rous bullets torn,
Or sinks a victim to some pit'less storm!
Perhaps, imprison'd in some lonely dome,
He heaves the sigh, and thinks with tears on '*Home.*'
O wretched friend! unhappy and forlorn;
Protect him, Heav'n!—O, shield him in the storm!
Ye waves, propitious prove, and bear him o'er
The raging sea, safe to these arms once more!

Jan. 6. 1807. T. Y.

[library stamp]

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Feb. 14.

ON the 24th of January, an English brig arrived in the Straits of the Dardanelles, when the commandant of the castles informed its captain, that under the present circumstances he could not permit him to pass, without sending for instructions how to act. The captain of the English brig, unwilling to wait, immediately sailed on, and continued his course till his masts were shot away. It was generally thought that this captain was the bearer of dispatches to Mr. Arbuthnot, according to which the Porte would have to choose, between renewing its alliance with England and Russia, or an immediate attack upon Constantinople.

Mr. Arbuthnot has written to the English factory, advising them to take measures for their safety. Till the 29th ult. it was uncertain what part the Porte would take, when the English ambassador formally demanded his passports in writing, with leave to dispatch a courier. In the mean while, a French courier brought advices of the defeat of the Russians in Poland, which the Porte immediately communicated to the English ambassador.

On the thirtieth, Mr. Arbuthnot and his countrymen went on board the Endymion frigate. He has since arrived at Tenedos, where he joined the English fleet stationed near the Dardanelles.

General Sebastiani has been invested with the order of the crescent, of the first class; and Mr. Franchini and M. Ruffin have received that of the second class.

February 18. The Porte is engaged in taking measures to prevent the forcing of the passage of the Dardanelles. The works are strengthened, and floating batteries constructed, while the ships of war under the captain Pacha are augmented every day. Batteries are also erecting at the extremities of the Seraglio, upon the Seven Towers, Leander's Tower, and as far as Scutari. Twenty thousand men are already assembled at Gallipoli, to oppose the landing of the English.

On the seventh, several of the diplomatic corps received letters from Mr. Arbuthnot, dated on board the admiral's ship, Canopus, off Tenedos, in which he declared, that his only object in leaving Constantinople was to obtain a position where he could carry on his negociation with safety. This negociation continues through the medium of the captain Pacha.

A circular note has appeared to-day, which affords little hope of his proposals being accepted by the Ottoman Porte; and we have just learned that the English minister has received his *ultimatum*, to the following import:—'The Porte does not think it consistent to enter into negociations with an ambassador who has deserted his post, and has, consequently, determined to transmit the explanations demanded immediately to London.'

Feb. 19. The English ambassador, Mr. Arbuthnot, having left Constantinople without taking leave, the Porte cannot but consider his departure as a declaration of war, and has sent off Tartars to Smyrna and other ports, with orders to detain and take possession of all English ships that may be found there.

Konigsberg, Feb. 22. The corps of

general Sidmoratz has effected a junction with general Bennigsen's army. He brought with him about 1400 Prussian and some Russian prisoners, as well as 2 or 300 French by whom they were guarded. Bonaparte's retreat has all the precipitation of a flight, and it is alone owing to the speed of the Cossack horses that so many prisoners are daily made. Within these three days 750 prisoners, several officers, and a quantity of waggons and forage have been brought in. At the sight of the Russians, detachments of French, exhausted by fatigue and famine, throw down their arms. The Russian advanced guard is already at Liebstadt. The main army is advancing towards the Vistula, and in a short time it will be seen on the other side of that river.

Feb. 23. The skirmishes which preceded the retreat of the French army, and the frequent flags of truce sent in by them, gave sufficient indications of their design. In all these skirmishes the bravery of our troops deserves notice, and only tended to establish the superiority of our light troops over those of the enemy. We gained considerable advantages on the 14th at Borchersdorff, and on the 15th, at Mansfeld; and on the 16th also, when the enemy sustained considerable loss, we obtained great advantages.

Feb. 25. The pursuit of the enemy affords brilliant opportunities for our troops almost every day.

On the twenty-first, the Hetman Platow entered Lichstadt with the advanced guard, where he took a large quantity of baggage from the enemy, made several prisoners, and set 200 Russians at liberty.

On the same day, general Lestocq attacked Heilsburg with two battalions of grenadiers, where two of the enemy's regiments attempted to defend the place, which was stormed, and the latter driven out with considerable loss.

On the twenty-second, major Arnim, with a detachment of cavalry, attacked the town of Bischoffsteen, drove out the enemy, and made several prisoners. He meant at the same time to extend his attack to Seburg, in order to force the enemy to give up the horses he had collected.

General Ploss's advanced posts fell in with more of the enemy's troops in the neighbourhood of Braunsberg; in several actions with them he made a number of Bernadotte's corps prisoners.

According to some accounts, the neighbourhood of Dantzic is entirely cleared. Near Dirschau, there has been a smart action between some of the insurgents and the garrison of Dantzic, in which the latter were totally defeated.

Since Sunday, 3000 French cavalry have entered Elbing, and yesterday 2000 infantry were expected.

Feb. 26. On the 24th, the head quarters of general Bennigsen were again removed from this city. On the first day they were transferred to Creusburg, and yesterday they were at Zinten; they were following the same tract with the army which is in pursuit of the enemy.

Vienna, Feb. 27. General St. Vincent is still at the head-quarters of the Emperor Napoleon. Couriers from him arrive daily, which occasion long conferences, at which the emperor and the archduke Charles assist; but no movement is yet observed among the troops, or the least preparation for war.

Hohenstein, Feb. 28. The following is the situation of the grand army, according to the last accounts:—The prince of Ponte Corvo occupies Braunsberg, Elbing, Frauenberg, Holland, and the whole coast up to the mouth of the Passarge, which river covers the van of his army; marshal Soult occupies Liebstadt, Mohrungen, and Liebmuhl; and marshal Ney, Guttstadt, Heilsberg, and Allenstein, at which place he has fixed his head-quarters. Marshal Davoust is at Hollenstein and Gilgenberg, and keeps an attentive eye upon Wirtenburg, Passenheim, Orfelsburg, Willenberg, the sources of the Passarge, the Alle, and the Omcleff; this last river, by the channel of the Narew, empties itself into the Vistula, and the two first run into the Frisch Haff. Mar-

shal Massena's corps guards the shores of the Narew. The corps that was under marshal Augereau is incorporated with the rest of the army.

The enemy's line extends along Seckburg, Bischofisburg, Bartenstein, and Konigsberg. When the letters were written, from which we have extracted these particulars, the imperial head-quarters were at Osterode; but every thing seemed to indicate a general movement.

General Oudinot's division passed through here yesterday, and to-day it is in motion to pass the Passarge, and compel the enemy to retreat. The left wing of the French army have, for three days past, been combating the enemy with manifest advantage; 5000 prisoners, and 11 pieces of cannon, are the fruits of this period. The third corps of the army is approaching Osterode, where the imperial head-quarters have been for these ten days past.

Vienna, March 28. The following are the demands made by the English of the Porte:—

1st. That the Porte shall immediately make peace with Russia.

2dly. She shall deliver her marine into the hands of the English, till the conclusion of a general peace.

3dly. She shall leave the Russians in possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, until the same period.

4thly. As a proof of her pacific intentions, she shall surrender to the English the outworks of Constantinople.

Although all these demands have been refused, the negociations still continue.

March 30. After the demands which admiral Duckworth made to the Turkish ministry, all the inhabitants of Constantinople, capable of bearing arms, were armed to the amount of 60,000 men; and the French engineers, which were in the capital, were distributed among the different forts.

The English fleet cut off on the sea side all the supplies of provisions for the populous city of Constantinople, which circumstance induces the Ottoman ministry not to break off entirely the negociations with the English.

According to the last official accounts from Turkey, of the 3d March, no treaty had yet been concluded between the Porte and the courts of London and Petersburg, but the negociations with the English ambassador, Mr. Arbuthnot, were broken off, and the preparations for defence on the part of the Turks carried on more actively than ever.—Why the English fleet sailed back to the Dardanelles—whether, as some suppose, its return was merely to be ascribed to a gale of wind, is not known with certainty.

March 31. The following intelligence, of the date of the 3d March, has been received from Constantinople:—

On the 28th February, the English endeavoured to make a landing on what is called the Prince's Island, but failed in the attempt. Their loss on this occasion, it is said, was 400 men, killed or wounded, and 200 prisoners. The next day the fleet weighed anchor, and sailed towards the Dardanelles.

The preparations for defence at Constantinople, are continued with extraordinary vigour. The French and Spanish ambassadors promote them by their advice and activity. The council of the Grand Signior is likewise permanent. On the evening of the 1st of March, the negociations were broken off, and the English ambassador sailed away with the fleet. The English have been disappointed in their expectations of reinforcements from Malta and the Black Sea.

The number of Turks who are armed in and about Constantinople, amounts to nearly 100,000. Public order has not been in the least disturbed. The Grand Signior has not shewn the least inclination to leave Constantinople, as had been falsely asserted.

Berlin, March 6. Official accounts from the head-quarters at Osterode, dated the 28th of Feb. state, that all accounts concur in estimating the loss of the Russians in the battle of Eylau at 20 generals and 900 officers, partly killed and partly wounded, and at 30,000 men disabled from further service. In the battle of Ostrolenka, on the 16th of February, two Russian generals were killed, and three wounded.

HOME NEWS.

London, March 24.

YESTERDAY morning at nine o'clock, John Maycock was executed on the platform at the top of the new prison in Horsemonger-lane, pursuant to his sentence at the late Kingston assizes, for the murder of Mrs. Pooley.

The same obduracy and insensibility to his fate, which this culprit evinced at the moment of receiving sentence, continued to mark his demeanour till the last moment. Neither the entreaties of the clergyman who attended him, nor the repeated requests of Mr. Ives, the keeper, could induce him to acknowledge his guilt; for he persevered to the last in asserting his innocence, and arraigning the injustice of his sentence. Such were the popular abhorrence and indignation, that shouts proceeded from the multitude on his being launched into eternity.

At half past one yesterday morning, a reprieve was received at the prison from the judge who had presided in the criminal court of Kingston, deferring until Thursday the execution of William Duncan, the gardener, who was convicted of the murder of Mr. Chivers, his master.

March 26. On Tuesday night, lord Grenville received a letter from his majesty, stating that he would be ready to receive his and his colleagues resignation on the following day, at twelve o'clock. They accordingly attended his majesty yesterday, at the queen's palace, at the above hour, viz.

Lord Erskine, lord chancellor; viscount Sidmouth, lord president of the council; lord Holland, lord privy seal; lord Grenville, first lord of the treasury; lord H. Petty, chancellor of the exchequer; earl Spencer, viscount Howick, and Mr. Wyndham, the secretaries of state; earl Moira, master-general of the ordnance; and the hon. T. Grenville, first lord of the admiralty.

All of whom had private audiences of his majesty, according to their rank in office, and resigned their seals, except the lord chancellor. The audiences lasted till near two o'clock.

At three o'clock his majesty held a private levee, which was attended by

The archbishop of Canterbury; the duke of Portland; earls Aylesford, Elgin, Selkirk, Westmoreland, Chatham and Camden; viscount Castlereagh; lords Arden, Hawkesbury and Lowther; sir S. Cotterell; Messrs. Sheridan, Falkener, Verney, and Mr. Perceval.

The following had the honour of being presented to his majesty, and kissed hands on their several appointments:

Earl Westmoreland, upon his being appointed the lord privy seal.

The duke of Portland, upon his being appointed first lord of the treasury.

Lord Hawkesbury, upon his being appointed secretary of state for the home department.

Mr. Canning, upon his being appointed secretary of state for the foregn department.

Viscount Castlereagh, upon his being appointed secretary of state for the war and colonial department.

Earl Elgin, upon his being appointed lord lieutenant of Fifeshire.

Earl Selkirk, upon his being appointed lord lieutenant of Kirkcudbright Stewarty.

The ministers had audience of his majesty, when he delivered to them the seals of office.

After the levee his majesty held a privy council, which sat till five o'clock.

March 27. Mr. Perceval received the seals of office yesterday, as chancellor of the exchequer, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster—the latter office during his majesty's pleasure. He kissed hands on the occasion, as did also the following noblemen and gentlemen, on receiving their several appointments:—

Earl Camden, president of the council.

Lord Mulgrave, first lord of the admiralty.

Mr. R. S. Dundas, president of the board of controul.

Earl Chichester, one of the postmasters general.

Earl Bathurst, president of the board of trade, and master of the mint.

Lord Charles Somerset and Mr. Long, joint paymasters of the forces.

Marquis of Titchfield, one of the lords of the treasury.

Lord Lovaine, a member of the board of controul.

His majesty afterwards gave audiences to the duke of Portland, lords Camden and Hawkesbury, and Mr. Perceval, chancellor of the exchequer. At five o'clock his majesty left town.

Mr. Hammond and lord Fitzharris are appointed under secretaries of state in the foreign department; and Mr. Cooke and the hon. colonel Stewart in the war and colonial department; Mr. Dacre Adams, who filled the office of private secretary to Mr. Pitt, has been appointed to the same situation by his grace the duke of Portland.

March 28. An inquisition was taken on Thursday, at the Mitre, on the Paddington canal, before G. Hodgson, esq. coroner, on the body of John Taylor, who was found drowned in the canal on the preceding day.—The deceased had originally been a clerk in some very reputable houses, in St. James's, but he had, for nearly two years past, been unfortunately in a dejected state of mind, and incapable of following his industrious pursuits. The unfortunate man had a wife in Audley-street, and he had also a comfortable home arising from her industry. On the morning of Wednesday, the deceased informed his wife that he should arise and take a walk; but being gone longer than was expected, his wife arose also, and on going into her sitting room, she saw a letter of her husband's hand-writing, which had been left by him to inform her that he was gone to the canal to drown himself, being tired of his life. The letter exhorted the wife not to grieve, as she would meet her husband again in heaven. The wife, on reading the letter, hasted to the canal, and having been informed by the bargemen of the course her husband had taken, she hasted towards the Mitre, when she beheld a body floating on the water. The poor woman, in a frantic state, rushed into the current, and brought the body on shore, but the spark of life was extinct. The landlord of the Mitre took the body in, and used every effort, but in vain, to restore life. Verdict—Insanity.

March 31. Yesterday morning, Richard Nettlefield was taken at an early hour from his cell to the chapel of the new gaol, Horsemonger-lane, in the borough, where having passed some time in prayer with the rev. Mr. Mann, the chaplain, he was conducted to the fatal platform, and was in a few minutes launched into eternity. His behaviour was as pious and resigned on the scaffold, as it was at the condemned sermon the preceding day:—it was observed that the deceased and Duncan, the gardener, who was in the chapel with him on Sunday, were two of the most pious and resigned men that have ever been seen there together.—The deceased, who was a resident at Putney, suffered under the operation of lord Ellenborough's act, for cutting and maiming a watchman, who had him in custody at Putney under a charge of felony, and has left a wife and five small children, the youngest only six weeks old.

April 1. On Saturday last, as the lady of Mr. Williams was going from Mill-hill to Hendon, in her chariot, accompanied by two of her children and a gentleman, the coachman drove against a cart on the road; the shock was so violent that it threw him from the box: the horses being much frightened, soon disentangled the carriage, and went off at full speed. The road along which the vehicle had to pass was so extremely narrow, that at any time it required great caution to drive with security; notwithstanding which, the carriage was not overturned. The horses having to pass another cart, they had the sagacity, though they were going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, to pass on one side of it, but so near that the handle of the chariot door was struck off by a collision with the wheel. Mr. Williams was at a friend's house on the road when his chariot passed, and almost fainted on seeing his wife and children in so perilous a situation. Mrs. Williams shrieked for assistance to no purpose. The gentleman in the carriage contrived to open the door and jump out, by which means he escaped unhurt. The horses still continued their pace; the flapping of the door tended to increase their speed, until they came to a narrow part of the road, when providentially the door of the chariot became entangled in the hedge, which stopped for a moment the career of the animals, but they soon ran off again with great rapidity.—They broke all the traces, leaving the carriage behind; and fortunately Mrs. Williams and her children received no injury whatever. They suffered much, however, from the alarm. The coachman was taken up with three ribs broken, and so violent a contussion in his head that his recovery is despaired of.

Plymouth, April 1. The Contest gun-brig, lieut. Gregory, some days since on a cruise near the enemy's coast near Rochefort, observed a battery which might have annoyed them, had they been forced to anchor: he therefore sent his boats manned and armed to attack it. The boats crew stormed the battery, spiked all the guns, and drove off the people. Our seamen having effected this service, embarked again, and returned to the Contest gun-brig without any loss.

There are now in commission 711 ships, of different descriptions; of which 145 are of the line, 20 from 50 to 44 guns each, 166 frigates, 207 sloops, and 172 vessels of a smaller description.

April 2. A remarkable instance of sagacity and love for the human species in a dog, occurred on Monday se'nnight in Romney Marsh.—A female child, about four years old, the daughter of a looker, at Belgar, between Romney and Lydd, having been left by its mother alone in a room where there was a fire, whilst she went abroad upon some business, the clothes of the child caught the flames, and she ran terrified, with the garments burning, into an adjoining apartment, where a dog was tied up. The animal, it appears, as soon as the child came within his reach, threw her on the ground, and tore every article of her clothes off, in which situation she crawled to a bed, and wrapped herself in a coverlet. On the return of the mother, she discovered some ashes and remnants of the child's clothes beside the dog, and on approaching the bed, found the poor infant, with one of her arms burnt, and her side so miserably scorched, that her heart was nearly perceptible; she had, however, power to tell her parent, that Shepherd, the dog's name, had taken her burning clothes off. She survived about an hour after her being discovered, and then expired.

April 4. On Wednesday afternoon, as a miss Thompson, in Bishopsgate-street, was standing too near the fire, her train accidentally caught the flames, and although they were in the space of a minute extinguished, and medical assistance instantly procured, yet she was so much burnt as to languish till the following afternoon, when she died.

April 6. On Friday the new members of the board of trade, consisting of earl Bathurst, Mr. Rose, the duke of Montrose, sir Joseph Banks, and Mr. Long, met for the first time since ther appointments, at the office in the Treasury, and proceeded to business.

On Friday last, his grace the duke of Richmond visited the earl of Mansfield, at his house at Caen Wood, and on Saturday he returned to town. It is expected that on Thursday next he will take his final leave of his majesty, and that on Saturday he will leave town for Dublin, according to his appointment as lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Deal, April 8. A considerable firing was heard here last evening in the direction of Boulogne, but we are at present ignorant of the cause. From the circumstance, however, of there being hardly a breath of wind, it is probable some of our ships got becalmed under the French batteries. Vice-admiral Rowley is expected here this evening, to assume the command in the Downs, on the departure of vice-admiral Holloway for Newfoundland.—The flag it is supposed will be shifted to-morrow morning.—A considerable naval force seems imperceptibly accumulating here, and upwards of twenty north sea pilots are ordered to the Downs. A strong squadron will certainly be sent into the Baltic as early as possible. The Namur and Orion have already left the Downs for Yarmouth, which I understand is the appointed rendezvous for the fleet to assemble. If any credit may be attached to the reports made by the captains of neutral ships, that are almost daily arriving in the Downs, a general action between the Russian and Prussian combined forces and the French army, has certainly taken place, in which the latter were most signally defeated.

BIRTHS.

March 21. At Manchester, the lady of major James Erskine, of the 48th regiment, of a son.

25. At Malshshanger, near Basingstoke, Hants, the lady of colonel Cunynghame, of a son.

At his lordship's house in Spring-garden, viscountess Fitz-Harris of a son.

At his house in Hunter-street, the lady of Henry Hobhouse, esq. of a daughter.

At Roxton, in Bedfordshire, the lady of major-general Onslow, of a daughter.

Lady Francis Spencer, of a son, at Blenheim, Oxford.

April 2. Mrs. C. Kemble, of a son, at her house in Newman-street.

3. Lady Andover, wife of captain Digby, of a daughter.

At Bath, the lady of captain Purvis, of the first (or royal) dragoons, of a son.

4. At Hean Castle, Pembrokeshire, the lady of Thomas Stokes, esq. of a son and heir.

The lady of Edwin Martin Atkins, esq. of Kingston Lisle, Berks, of a daughter.

7. In Upper Gower-street, Mrs. John Shedden, of a daughter.

At his house in Poland-street, the lady of the hon. Wm. Herbert, of a son.

At Kenyon House, the lady of col. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 26. At St. Mary-le-bone church, captain Stuart, of the 16th light dragoons, to Miss Anson, youngest daughter of the late George Anson, esq. and sister to viscount Anson.

At St. Mary-le-bone church, the hon. Thomas Parker, to miss Eliza Wolstenholme, youngest daughter of William Wolstenholme, esq. of Holly-hill, Sussex.

27. At St. Mary-le-bone church, David Scott, esq. of Drumnald, in the county of Forfar, to miss Caroline Grindall, of Portland-place.

30. At St. James's church, Bath, Charles Arthur Tisdall, esq. of Charles Fort, county Meath, Ireland, to miss Vernon, eldest daughter of John Vernon, esq. of Clontarf castle, county Dublin.

31. At Greenwich, James Reid, esq. of the island of Jamaica, to miss Helena Reid, daughter of William Reid, esq. of Greenwich.

At Exmouth, by the rev. Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Charles Freeman, son of John Freeman, esq. of Cornhill, London, to Eliza, second daughter of Edmund Burke, esq.

April 2. Mr. Charles Lestourgeon, of Edmonton, to miss Elizabeth Burbidge, daughter of J. Burbidge, esq. of Tottenham.

At Quatt church, Salop, Harriot, sixth daughter of William Whitmore, esq. of Dudmaston, to Elias Isaac, of Worcester.

In Dublin, Hans Hamilton, esq. M. P. for the county of Dublin, to miss Anne Mitchell, daughter of Hugh Henry Mitchell, esq.

At Beckenham, in Kent, Brownlow Matthew, of Clanville Lodge, Hants, esq. to miss Naylor.

At Stamford, Lincolnshire, Thomas Jones, of Brecon, South Wales, to miss Anne Sharpe, of Stamford.

Mr. Wm. Green, to miss Dance, of the Crown inn, Ludlow.

Hugh Gordon, esq. late of Madras, to miss Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of Wm. Forbes, esq. of Echt.

4. At West Malling, Berks, William Henry Douce, esq. third son of the late Thomas Augustus Douce, esq. to miss Jane Downman, third daughter of lieut. colonel Downman, of the royal artillery.

At Acton church, James Wolfe Murray, of Cringlebe, esq. in Scotland, to miss Isabella Strange, eldest daughter of James Strange, esq. in the service of the honourable East-India company, on the Madras establishment.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Francis Des' Anges, third son of William Des' Anges, esq. of Spitalfields, to miss Amelia Kuse, eldest daughter of George Kuse, esq. of Chichester.

At Edmonton, James Lonsdale, esq. artist, of Store-street, Bedford-square, to miss Thornton, of Southgate.

10. George Cooper, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister at law, to miss Mary Justina Martha Lloyd, of Deal-castle, Pembrokeshire.

11. At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, Mr. Wm. Baker, of Limehouse, to miss Smart, daughter of Richard Smart, esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street.

16. At Edinburgh, Robert Hardie, esq. of Kelso, to miss Miller, of London.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, lieut. colonel Reade, of the Bengal establishment, to miss Reade, only daughter and heiress of the late Thomas Reade, esq. of Little Stoke, Oxford.

Wm. Phillimore, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Almeria Thornton, youngest daughter of the late Godfrey Thornton, esq. of Muggahanger, Bedfordshire.

DEATHS.

March 19. At his chambers, in Lincoln's-inn, at an advanced age, Walter Long, esq. bencher of that honourable society, and senior judge of the sheriff's court of the city of London.

21. After a short illness, Anna Maria, third daughter of J. Nailer, esq. Queen-square, aged 19.

Mrs. Cuff, wife of Joseph Cuff, esq. Whitechapel.

At Chertsey, in Surrey, Mrs. Susannah Wapshott, aged 65, wife of Richard Wapshott, esq. of that place.

In Doughty-street, Mrs. Moore, widow of Mr. Philip Moore, of Doctor's Commons.

26. At Brenchley, after a long illness, Mrs. Katharine Foster, aged 66.

At the house of sir M. Cholmely, bart. Mrs. Harrison, the lady of John Harrison, esq. of Norton place, Lincolnshire, and mother to lady Cholmely.

April 3. In the 79th year of his age, at his seat at Santon Downham, Suffolk, Charles Sloane, earl Cadogan, viscount Chelsea, and a trustee of the British Museum. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, Charles Henry viscount Chelsea, now earl Cadogan.

At Pentonville, Mrs. Robinson, the widow of the late George Robinson, esq. of Paternoster-row.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Unexpected Declaration.